POEMS

OR

EPIGRAMS, SATYRS,

ELEGIES,

SONGS and SONNETS,

Upon ſeveral Perſons and Occaſions.

By No body muſt know whom, to be had every body knowes where, and for any body knowes what.

The Author John Eliot

Robt. Friki

1661. 1661.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Brome*, at the *Gun* in *Ivie-Lane*. 1658.

POEMS

Robt. 1681. Freke

TO THE READER.

THese Poems were given me neer sixteen years since by a Friend of the Authors, with a desire they might be printed, but I conceived the Age then too squeemish to endure the freedom which the Authour useth; and therefore I hitherto smother'd them, but being desirous they should not perish, and the world be deprived of so much clean Wit and Fancy, I have adventured to expose them to thy view; if they do arride thy Pallat I am glad I gave the occasion; if not, I shall not send thee a Challenge. All that I shall

ſay is, that I have read them with delight, I finde that the Author writes not pedantically, but like a Gentleman; and if thou art a Gentleman of thy own making thou wilt not miſlike it.

Farewell

To the Great in Worth and Merit as in Honour and Title, the Lady happily *Marchioneſs* of *Wincheſter*, humbly theſe.

A New-years Gift.

MADAM,

COuld I but dive into the Oceans Breaſt,
Or climbe thoſe Rocks, that with the clouds conteſt,
If I could ſayl unto the Perſian ſhore,
Or rob the wealthy *Indies* of their Oare.
Your private walks, and Arbours I would pave
With orient Pearl, and you ſhould Diamonds have,
Such as might dimn the glory of the Sunne,
And make old Nature think her ſelf undone;
With Perſian Carpets I would deck your Rooms,
And gold ſhould be, but offerings for your grooms.
But I the diving Dolphin cannot ride,
Nor yet the high eye-daz'ling rock beſtride;
I cannot ſwim unto the Perſian ſhoar,
Nor rob the ſpatious *Indies* of their Oar;
Yet, Madam, rather then I would appear,
With empty hand to welcome in this Year,
Or with the Countrie Maid, to ſhew my loves,
Bring Capons, Hens, or Orange ſtuck with cloves,
I have my Paper-office ſearch't, and there
Finding ſome ſheets, that never tainted were

With unclean hands, lines that ne'er ſaw the Sun,
Nor yet been breath'd upon ſince they were done.
Of them, I choſe with cu iosity
Such, as I thought, might take your Ear, or Eye.
Plain dealing, Madam, ſome a Jewel call,
If you eſteem it ſo, your Honour ſhall
Finde it like ſwelling grapes, like fruitful Vine,
Under each leaf, hanging on every line,
Each Satyr wears it in his hayrie Ear,
And in each Epigram it will appear.
Your wonted favour grant then, and I live
Richer then thoſe that thouſands have to give.

J. E.

To the Cenſorious Reader.

I do deſire the ſnarle and do thy worſt,
Who at thy mercie ſtands is moſt accurſt:
I write to pleaſe my Friends and bouldly vow,
Neither thy venom'd Tongue, nor bended Brow
Shall force me to a Recantation.
I know thy trade, thy Occupation
Is to find fault, find them good Sir, and take them,
They are your own, 'tis you not I that make them.
Belch out thy poiſon then, and vent thy gall,
I have an Antidote within 'gainſt all.
Beſides here is a Charm, if you but look
Upon the Frontire peece of this poor Book;
A Ladies name, a name that vertue hath

Enough

Enough to make this Book become a Bath,
And give each line a healing power by which
Each critick may be cur'd of his ſalt itch.
This makes me here with confidence proteſt,
I fear not thee nor any ſuch wilde beaſt.

To the Courteous Reader.

I Kiſs your hands, and would be glad to meet
Such Friends in every leaf, 'twixt every ſheet.
I wiſh that every diſh, and all the Sallets
That's ſet before you may delight your pallets.
Therefore I ſent to *Florence* for my oyl,
My Olives grew on that Italian ſoyl.
The Oranges and Lemons Spaniſh ſpeak,
And if the Vineger be dead or weak
Then blame the Time and people, that will carp
At any thing though wholſome, if but ſharp.
Woodcocks here are, as good as ever flew;
Widgeons and gulls that certainly are new.
Heer's fowle of every ſort ſave only one,
And that's foul faults of them I hope here's none.
Sit down then curteous Reader, and fall too,
For know the feaſt was only made for you.
Sit and be frollike, whilſt I humbly wait
Expecting how you reliſh each conceit.
And if you riſe well pleas'd my noble Friends,
I then am rich as having all in ends.

To his Book.

GO forth my little wanton, go and play,
But on my Bleſſing, ſee thou do'ſt not ſtray
Beyond thoſe bounds to which I have confin'd thee
For if in Pauls Church yard I chance to find thee,
Nay if within the City walls thou come,
I wiſh thou may'ſt be inſtantly ſtruck dumb,
Or if with Prentices thou do converſe, (herſe,
Pray Heavens their Maſters Counters prove thy
There with their dam'd account books lie for ever,
And may I hear, or ſee thee thenceforth never.
The old Exchange I doe forbid thee too,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt meet in haſty crowds, a crew
Either a Grain too light, or too too grave,
Compos'd of too much fool, or too much knave.
The Inns of Court are ſafe, none there will ſcare
But from the Inns of Chancery I bar thee; (thee,
There Under-ſheriffs, Sollicitors and ſuch
Will make a Battery of every touch.
Benchers and Barriſters paſs by, for thoſe
To wit are Neuters, neither friends nor foes.
If to the Royal Court a Courtier bear thee,
Avoid the knaviſh Pages, leſt they ſwear thee,
And force the ſo the Author to bewray: (play
With Grooms and Chamber-maids forbear to
Gentlemen-Uſhers, and the quarter-wayters,
Though juſt unto their King, they may be traitors

To

To me, or thee; with Pentioner or Querrie
Be free and bold, they can be bold and merrie,
For they good Fellowes are, and can diſpenſe
With wit that fights, but in its own defence.
The new great Lords avoid, and if thou can,
For every Lord is not a Noble man.
Shun Counteſſes, as much as thou art able,
She may b'a Counteſs that's not honorable.
For Senators, know they are ſharp-edg'd tools
Not too be jeſted with; there are Court fools,
Who cog and ly, but ſtill their Coxcombs have
A curſed ſent, of the moſt dangerous knave.
A Clergie man that wears a little ruff,
And keeps his hand untainted with a cuff;
Who wears no Spaniſh leather Boot or Shooe,
Or any other faſhion that is new,
Leſt it from *France*, or *Spain*, or *Rome* ſhould come,
To ſuch a ſilenc't Brother be thou dumbe;
Say not, God ſave him, leſt he ſay, he's able
To ſave himſelf, and damn the prophane rabble.
The only friends to whom I would commend thee,
Are only thoſe to whom I humbly ſend thee:
Kiſſe their fair hands, and at their noble feet
Stand and do pennance, in a paper ſheet.
From them alone thy abſolution crave,
Since they alone have power to kill, or ſave.

J. E.

To

To the jealous Reader.

WHo findes an Epigram like cloaths in fitneſs,
Of him 'twas made, his Conſcience is my witneſs.
And yet I wonder how it comes to paſs
What for a Gooſe I made, ſhould fit an Aſs:
But take it Sir, and now I know your meaſure
I'le fit you better at my further leaſure

To the Printer, if theſe papers ſhould unhappily come to the Preſs.

IF you ſhould be accus'd have care to look
You do not play the fool and crave your Book,
For to your condemnation that may riſe,
Rather ſtand mute my Friend be dumb and wiſe.
If you confeſs as they perhaps would have you,
Take it from me this Book will never ſave you.
If they condemn you 'cauſe you'l not confeſs,
You know they can but ſend you to the Preſs.
Then pray ſtand mute, the counſel's good I give,
Dy by the Preſs ſince by the Preſs you live.

To the Stationer if need be.

IF you ſhall make Pauls Pillars Pennance do
In any ſheet of mine, or ſet to view

The

The Title of this Book on any Poſt,
I wiſh your expectation may be loſt;
For common things that men at ſtairs do cry
Are only fit for th' vulgar ſort to buy.
As wife or daughter let this Book have keeping,
And men will hunt it out when you are ſleeping.

To the punctual Poets.

IF you examine by the rules of art
Theſe Rimes of mine, together or apart,
And to the common touch-ſtone of your trade
Send them, i'le prevent you, for know they were
Not for the Univerſities, nor yet (made
To ſell at any ſtall for currant wit,
Fiddlers and Quereſters are bound to ſing
Allwaies in tune, and eke their fiddles ſtring
With Trebles, Means, Counter-tenor Baſes,
But know, you Criticks, mine another caſe is.
I write to pleaſe my true and noble freinds,
To pleaſe you in the croſs part is my ends:
Beſides Parnaſſus hill I hear is ſteep,
Your ſpring of Hellicon's for me to deep,
Nor doe I truly know, I truly vow,
Whether your Pegaſus be horſe or Cow.
You that doe write for monie or applauſe
Keep you the rules of art, obſerve her laws;
My papers ſhall not ſmell of oyl nor wax,
Your lamps and tapers force you ſet a tax

Upon

Upon your Stationers who many times
With dear repentance bind your dear bought rimes
Which ſerve a prentiſhip upon their ſtalls
For few there are that come unto their calls
Unleſs Tobaccoe men, ſick men or ſuch
As phyſick take becauſe they ſurfet much:
But know you men of curioſity,
Theſe ſheets ſhall in ſome ladies cloſſet ly;
Who them in their fair hands ſhall take ſomtimes,
With ſweeteſt powders to perfume my rimes;
The Damask roſe buds in theſe papers ſhall
In them be dry'd, and hung againſt the wall
And th' very worſt that theſe leaves can abide,
About ſome gally Pots they may be ty'd,
And ſo preſerve thoſe ſweets, that ſweeter grow
By thoſe ſweet hands that did preſerve them ſo.
Arm'd with this confidence my Muſes flight
Shall not be checkt by any Critticks ſlight.

A Satyr.

To the Times time-ſerving Poets.

I claim no place no office, or degree,
In your allyance, or fraternitie,
I'le ſtand alone, and either fall, or riſe,
Not by your hands, but by the deſtinies,
Light headed *Mercury*, not grave *Apollo*
My patron is, his winged feet, I follow,
With him, I often cut the ſubtill ayr,
And from the Dogg-ſtar, pluck a lock of hair,

Then

Then to the man ith' Moon I nimbly leap,
And fleece his ſhaghair'd Cur, from thence I ſtep,
Down to the fatall ſiſters, force them ſpin,
Theſe hairs, to thrids, of which I weave a gin,
To catch wilde beaſts, tame fooles, and great ones too
This is a trifling work, you ſcorn to do,
Nor would it well become your gravities,
You fiſh with lines of ſilke, and painted flies,
Yow angle for great Ladies favorites,
Bow to their groomes, flatter their parazites,
Smooth up their Bauds, and to conclude comit,
Idolatrie with Calves, and make your wit,
Worſe then a hackney Jade, that every hoſt
With any paper packet, may ſend poſt,
Whilſt I with nimble footed Mercury,
Through unfrequented woods, and groves, do flie,
And with a ſharp hooft Satyr, pace by pace,
In Deſert forreſts hunt the wild gooſe chaſe,
And fear no beaſt though he a title beare.
As big as is his bulk, freedome dwells there,
And chriſtian liberty, like Ships on ſeas,
Unbounded is, and ſtears which way it pleaſe,
There in ſecurity we, ſport and play,
Scorning to feare, what Cittie Cryticks ſay,
Sometimes within the Court I do appeare,
But not like you to ſcratch an itching eare,
For know I croude thoſe ulcerous organs full
Of ſulphur, copprice, gaul, black Incke and wooll
And if to any States man I but whiſper,

So

So ſharpe my breath is, that I leave a bliſter.
Some times to th' old Exchange, travell I doe,
My Patron Courtiour is, and Merchant too,
There to the Aldermen, I packets tender;
From their god plentie, and when they would ren-
A brace of Teaſters, for the news I bring, (der
I falcon like, am got upon the wing,
Spurring the ſloe pac't winde, untill it throwes me
Upon ſome noble country freind that knows me;
To him I dare be free, to me he dares
Communicate the common feares, and cares,
With which the humble ſubjects are poſſeſt,
How by that Courtiour, they have been oppreſt
How by that Lawyer, wreſted from their right
How by that Prelate tith'd unto a myte,
How by Projectors rifled and undone,
How by ſome ſtrange Monopolie, ſome one
Ingroſſes that, by which two thouſand poore,
Have gott an honeſt living heretofore;
This when I hear I then turn Satyriſt,
And ſtill my hardeſt lines, I harder twiſt,
And to my Incke, ad gaull, then naked ſtrip them,
And without feare, or pittie, boldly whip them,
I hate thoſe ſneaking Poets, that put one,
Faces as rough as Satyrs, yet are none,
Such as doe onely barke, and dare not bite,
When an Invective, I intend to write,
My pencile make as ſharpe, as ſworde, or knife,
And if I needs muſt rayl, i'le do't to the life,

Daring

Daring Authoritie I will outlooke,
And mercie want rather then crave my booke,
Blind are thoſe fools that ſtumble at a ſtraw,
Satyres ne'er ought to know nor fear a law,
With them I am reſolv'd ſome hours to ſpend,
And to that ſport, ſummon one only friend.

A Court-Prodigall.

ON Calſors back, heaven knowes for what of-
This day is hangd all his inheritance (fence,
That Cloake to No'hs Ark well you may compare:
For every living beaſt he had lies there
His hoſe and dublet like that mighty Flood
Hath dround each field and over-whelm'd each
A leaſe with divers Coppie-holds doth ride (wood
In an Impropriation by his ſide
His Haberdaſher joyning with the Pointer
Hath truſt him up in his old mothers Joynter
To Sturbridge Fayr why run you then for ſhows
When heers a Monſter much more ſtrange then
(thoſe.

An Old Unthrift.

ALbertus ſwears and ſwearing ſo reſolved
That if Court tables ſhould be quite diſolved
Himſelf with thouſands more would ſell their ſpits
And leave the poor to live by their poor wits

Albertus

Albertus do; ſince forth thou dar'ſt not peep
Let that keep thee; that thou wert wont to keep
For thy revenews and thy penny rents
Are all foreſtall'd by Cittizens extents.
Then as I ſaid good unthrift let it be
Thou once kept houſe now let the houſe keep thee.

To a great Lord that upbraided his Servant with Poverty.

YOur Lordſhip did object upon a time
My poverty againſt me as a crime,
You blamed me that I borrowed had of thoſe,
Who to your knowledge were my greateſt foes;
It had been nobly done Sir to relieve me,
Rather then with my wants and Foes to grieve me
But in diſtreſs give me a foe that lends,
Before a thouſand faithleſs fruitleſs friends.

To his reconciled Enemy:

YOu were my enemy ſo went the cry
But your late actions hath given that the ly;
You are my freind profeſt nay you have ſworne it
And but I know it reall I ſhould ſcorne it;
Let all back-biters then henceforth be Mute, (fruit
Freinds by their workes are knowne as trees by
He that ſhall ſpeak me faire and loves me not,
Calls for the reckoning up, but payes no ſhot,

Give

Give me the man that ſmoothly ſteals away,
Uſes few words, but leaves me nought to pay.
Let thoſe that envie this our frendſhip know,
That I much more to you then them do owe,
For you have paid my ſcores, ſo uſed me better
Then ſuch as ſcorn'd me, 'cauſe I was a debter.
Thus by your actions I ſhall ever prize you,
Who calls you then my foe, I ſwear belies you.

Upon a Fool that was angry at his evil Fortune.

GRaccus at fortune rayls, and oft imparts
Unto his private friends ſome evil chance,
Still wondering that a man of his deſerts
That fickle whore ſo ſlowly ſhould advance:
Indeed ſince fortune favours fools ſo much,
All wonder may, that thy ill fortune's ſuch.

Upon a Fellow that fear'd he ſhould run mad for his Miſtreſſe.

RAlph is love ſick, and thinks he ſhall run mad,
And looſe his wits, a thing *Ralph* never had.
Take comfort man, if that be all thou feareſt,
A groat will pay the loſs when wits at deareſt.

Upon a Highway Thief.

DIck had two words that did maintain him e-
The one was ſtand, the other was deliver. ver,

But Dick's in Newgate, and I fear will never
Be bleſt again with that ſweet word, deliver.

Of one that was burnt in the Hand.

THat fellow there, as ſimply as he ſtands,
Hath all the law by rote at's fingers ends:
Nay anſwers one, he hath it in his hands,
For at laſt Seſſions, had he not found friends,
He had been hang'd, if out he have not bit it,
The law's there to be read, as *Deverax* writ it.

Upon a Ladies Tailor turnd out of ſervice, having been long her Favourite.

WHat Monſieur Nit my Ladies Taylor here,
That ſhe maintain'd for trimming her old gear?
I heard why you were out of favour put,
A ſour Nitſhips yard ſhe found was lately cut:
Then blame her not, ſhe had juſt cauſe of Ire,
A childe once burnt, you know will fear the fier.
Then ſhe that hath ſo oftentimes been ſerved,
Hath in her old age cauſe to be afeard.

Upon his unkinde Kinred.

IN kinſman friend of old was comprehended,
Give me one friend and hang up all my kindred.

A

A Gardner and his Wife.

A Gardners wife that long had barren been,
Her husband one night thus did make his mone,
Sure wife quoth he 'tis for ſome deadly ſin,
That this our work 'mongſt all the reſt alone
Is fruitleſs, here's labor, but no increaſing,
Husband quoth ſhe, this ground doth want much dreſſing
With that the man a far fetcht ſigh ſent forth,
And ſwore it had more dreſſing then twas worth.

A peremptory Gold-ſmiths Wife.

A Goldſmiths wife moſt boldly oft required
Of her good man a hundred pound in gold,
For what uſe to know humbly he deſired,
For my pleaſure quoth ſhe, ſtrait down twas told,
Take it ſaid he, my onely deareſt Dear,
And thus ſhe ſerves him twice or thrice a year.
Though he do oft thus for her pleaſure pay,
Yet that he is a Wittall who can ſay ?

A Courteous Chambermaid.

Doll often did proteſt, and deeply too,
Her ſought for Maydenhead ſhe would not looſe,
At laſt her Ladies Son did *Doll* purſue,
And wood ſo well ſhe could not him refuſe,

How now quoth he, how can you ſalve your Vow,
Why that's not loſt quoth ſhe, that's given to you.

To one that entreated the Author to write ſome Verſes to a Book that he had going to the Preſs.

I Was intreated by a ſcambling Knight
Something in praiſe of his new book to write,
I that am ready at each Suiters whiſtle
As others did, provided an Epiſtle,
But 'cauſe I did not prayſe his work enough,
He left it out, which I took much in ſnuff;
But let it paſs it hath given me a ſchoolling,
I'l henceforth ſooth up woodcocks in their fooling.

The Author upon his Epigrams.

MY Epigrams by hundreds I ſend forth,
And give them too for nought thats juſt their worth
If in mouths of gift horſes few men look,
Vouchſafe but ſo much juſtice to this book.
For rather then I'le ſell paper and Inck,
I'le be a night man, though the office ſtinck.

To

To the truly Honourable and antiently Noble
Benefactor the Lord *Dunkelly*,
Vicecount *Tunbridg*,

Upon the Authors obligations to him,
An Epigram.

I Am your Lordſhips debtor, yet who looks
I fear will ſcarcely finde me in your books,
My name I doe ſuſpect is clearly loſt,
And I for want of payment out am croſt:
Yet my ambition's ſtill great Lord, to mount
High in your books, I mean of good account:
In other books where ere I find my name,
I wiſh their libraries were all in flame.
A tradeſmans book is worſe to me by far
Then the black book, where pſalms of mercie are.
To read is not enough my life to ſave,
Iudgment or ſatisfaction they muſt have,
Their books condemn me, yours would me acquit,
Let me be blotted there, in yours fair writ,
Their great accounts my greateſt ſorrow is,
The greater your account the more my bliſs.
Then know your honour cannot pleaſe me better
Then write me down at large your thankfull debtor.

To the moſt deſervedly beloved and honoured the the Lady Viſcounteſs Tunbridge.

Madam,

WHere ſhould I place your honour if not heer,
Since 'tis as all men know your proper ſphear;
You doe not in your orb ſo ſweetly move,
Wanting his preſence you ſo dearly love:
Therefore my judgment humbly thought it meet,
To place you thus together in one ſheet,
And may thoſe powers that govern death and fate,
So ty, ſo binde, and ſo conglutinate,
The holy bonds that hold you now together,
That neither may lament the loſs of either;
May death, and time, and fate want power to force
Either a ſeparation or devorce,
Betwixt you, and let every new year bring,
To both your bloods, to both your loves, a ſpring;
May you grow old in nothing but in ſeeing,
Your Childrens Childrens Children ſtill in being;
My oriſons are done, and Madam now,
I humbly come to beg one boon of you.
You hſafe though hitherto you have not known me
To write me down your ſervant, and ſo own me.
That happineſs convaid but to my hearing,
Ile ſtrive to ſpin a web worthy your wearing.

An

An Epigram Humbly preſented to his Majeſtie *upon Releaſe of a priſoner that was committed for making Libellous Verſes.*

YOur royall Mother Sir, bleſt ever be,
This day that brings her to our memory,
To England, Scotland, and Ireland gave,
A judge to Cenſure, and a king to ſave:
It was a day of mercie, ſo ſaid ſhe,
God mercie ſhew'd in her delivery;
Oh let it be a day of mercie ever,
Pronounce great Sir, this day that word, deliver.
A priſon is a womb, whence onely you,
Have power to bid bad men be born anew:
In imitation of our God then ſay,
Fiat, and I am born anew this day;
The acts of mercie Saints and Angells ſing,
They will rejoyce with her firſt gave you being.
Oh pardon then my much repented, folly,
That I with them may keep this day ſtill holy.

To his Nobleſt Friend Mr. Endimion Porter *upon Verſes writ by* Ben. Johnſon.

THey that give wine to Poets, noble friend,
Verſes receive, they need not verſes ſend;
Onely your ſelf that all men can out do,
Did ſend your Poet wine and verſes too.

You gave him Oyle, for wine Sir is the ſame,
It makes the dying Fier freſhly flame.
It is the Philoſophers ſtone, with which
Their lives do catch conceits, which makes them rich:
It is the Antidote that doth preſerve,
Their fancies, which without it drop and ſtarve.
It is indeed the ſpirit, that infuſes
Quick apprehenſions in the dulleſt Muſes.
The gift was rare, but there's a better thing,
You drew it from the boſome of a king;
For had you from the fountaine drawne a peece,
Pierced the Star, or ſqueez'd the golden fleece,
Or ſearcht the bowells of the Lyon, nay
Had you done more, ſent a tall ſhipp a way,
To Spaine or Greece, and with your mony bought
The head of all the vintage, and that brought,
At your owne charge home to his Celler dore,
You had done much; but this is much much more:
You brought him ſack even from a god like giver,
Such, and ſo bleſt, as it ſhall laſt for ever,
As if the Fates, being pleaſ'd, would now deſigne,
To the immortall Muſes pretious wine;
So that your Poet to the laſt of dayes,
Is bound loud Sir, to ſinge your laſting prayſe;
Thus have you built your ſelf brave Sir, a tombe,
That neither time nor envie can conſume.
And if you want an Epitaph, you muſt dye,
When as Parnaſſus burns, and Helicon is dry.

For

For Miſtreſs Porter *on a New years day.*

GO hunt the whiteſt Ermine, and preſent,
His wealthy skinne as this dayes tribute ſent,
To my *Endimion*'s love, though ſhe be far,
More gently ſmooth, more ſoft then Ermins are,
Goe climbe the rocks, and when thou there haſt found,
A ſtar contracted in a diamond,
Give it *Endimion*'s love, whoſe equall eyes,
Out-look the ſtarry jewells of the skyes:
Goe dive into the ſouthern ſea, and when
Thou'ſt found to trouble the nice ſight of men
A ſwelling pearle, and ſuch whoſe ſingle worth,
Boaſts all the wonders which the ſea brings forth,
Give it *Endimion*'s love, whoſe every tear,
Would more inrich the skillful Jeweller,
How I command, how ſlowly they obey
The churliſh Tartar will not hunt to day,
Nor will the lazie ſallow Indian ſtrive,
To climbe the rocke, nor that dull Negro dive,
Thus Poets like to kings by truſt deceived,
Give what is oftner heard of then received.

To his loved Friend Mr. Davenat, *upon his Verſes to the well-deſerving both his, and all others praiſes the vertuous Miſtreſs* Porter.

I Seldom praiſe leaſt uſing ſo to doe,
My Muſe at length might learn to flatter to,

But

But if I envie any, be it known,
Dear freind, 'tis you, 'tis you that have out-gone
My nimble thoughts, thoughts that for many dayes
Have been upon the wing to catch a praiſe,
Worthy her wearing, but I now deſpair,
For you have rob'd the earth the ſea and ayr;
And in conceit made her a richer feaſt,
Then *Cleopatra* did her *Roman Gueſt*.
You hunted well and though you caught no game,
Yet by't you have gain'd from me this *Epigrame*;
Thus Poets with the *Gods*, lov'd friend, may boaſt
That they can feaſt each other without coſt.

An Epigram, To his Friend Ben Johnſon, *upon his Libellous Verſes againſt the Lords of the Green-Cloath concerning his Sack.*

You ſwore dear *Ben* you'ld turn the green cloth (blew,
If your dry Muſe might not be bath'd in ſack,
Nay drunk with choller you proteſted too, (black.
Their white ſtains you would ſmoke till they were
This with thoſe fearleſs Lords nothing prevailing,
The Scean you alterd and you ſmooth'd your pen,
You left your bitter and your fruitleſs rayling,
And baſely flatter'd e'en the worſt of men;
Then give me leave henceforth good Ben to think,
You drunkeſt are when you the moſt want drink.

To Ben Johnſon *again, upon his verſes dedicated to the Earl of* Portland, *Lord* Treaſurer.

Your verſes are commended and tis true,
That they were very good, I mean to you;
For they return'd you *Ben* as I was tould,
A certain ſum of forty pound in gold:
The verſes then being rightly underſtood,
His Lordſhip not *Ben Johnſon* made them good.

An Epitaph upon the chaſt and fair Lady Walſingam.

Within this humble herſe of clay here lies
Reliques that heathen men would Idolize;
Such fleſh and blood to duſt and aſhes turn'd,
As ſince the worlds firſt birth was never urn'd;
Vertue and beauty had meer ſtrangers been,
Till God and nature lodg'd them in this Inne;
Where having met and kiſt they kept one room,
Till crewell death remov'd them to this Tombe:
Which ſharpey'd vertue quickly did diſcover,
To narrow for her ſelf and her chaſt lover:
And that they might no more the ſubjects be,
To death, or chance or times unconſtancie,
She fled to heaven and there is now providing,
A place for both their everlaſting biding;
Good Sexton then, untill theſe lovers meet,

As

As vertue did keepe beauties lodging ſweet;
That Saints and Angells at the laſt may finde,
This duſt as pure, as when 'twas firſt inſhrin'd.

Verſes dedicated by way of New-years gift to the Earl of Portland, *at that time* Lord Treaſurer, *by the favour of him that preſented them they were ſaid to be begot and brought forth, whilſt He and the Author drunk a pinte of Wine; to try the truth his Lordſhip commanded the Author to ſend another Coppy upon as ſhort warning: they were by his Lordſhip equally liked, and happily commended; but in the Authors opinion there is much difference.*

The firſt Coppie.

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip,

A Diamond right and rich if breath'd upon,
Doth cleere it ſelf ſo doth no other ſtone;
It hath a ſecret unſeen unfelt fire,
No ſooner clouded, but thoſe clouds expire;
By which the Lapidary Sir deſcries,
The hidden wealth and worth that in it lies:
Far honour ed Lord be ſmooth fac'd flattery hence,
Such is your now known vertues excellence;
Like a rich diamond, by your own power alone,
The breath of venom'd tongues i'th ayr is thrown:
Foule mouth'd detraction you have now ſtruck (dumb,
Envie is ſilent for the time to come:

Let

Let me with pardon then great Sir, declare
How much in theſe your honours I have ſhare;
Your now approved goodneſs to my glory,
Confirme what I foretold of your Worths ſtory,
You have moſt honoured Lord, to my great fame,
Gain'd me from all good men a Prophets name;
And though my modeſt joyes were long ſince born
Yet they but learn'd to ſpeak this very morn,
And with the croud that to your Altar brings,
Jewells or plate for this dayes offerings,
I humbly pray they may without offence,
Supply the place of Mirrh and frankinſence:
Upon the Altar of your favour throw,
Thoſe Zealous wiſhes which from my heart flow
As the ſun this morn ſet forth,
And increaſes in his growth;
As it by degrees doth mount,
In our lengthening dayes account:
Certain minutes every hower,
And each day augments his power;
Even ſo I humbly heaven deſire,
Your ſpring honours may aſpire;
Untill they overlook the tops,
Of all your wiſhes and your hopes:
When thus the height of bliſs is won,
Then let them like *Joſhua*'s Sun,
Not for howers but for ever,
Stick and thence retire never;
And may no age an Ecclips ſee,

In

In you or your posteritie.
Thus he humbly prayes that stands,
With patience waiting your commands.

The Second Coppie.

Upon reading the former verses his Lordship was pleased to command Mr. Titchborne to goe with the Author to Mr. Atturney Generall, to pray in his Lordships name a speedy dispatch of busines which the Author had with him: at their returne these were made in the presence of Mr. Titchborne, and by him sent to his Lordship to shew that he studied not, but wrote freely and wantonly making it a pleasure and no trouble.

Great Sir,

I Borrowed *Neptun's Trident* for an hower,
Gave it an Indian, charge him by that power
To dive into each wealthy Chanel, where,
The rich orientall Pearls engendred were:
He wing'd his feet with Fins seemed to strive
With nimble Zeal the *Dolphin*, to out-dive.
He went and came as swift as wish or thought,
And tould me *Neptunes* store house he had sought:
That he the high archt Rock had undermin'd,
And searcht the *Mer-Mayds* Cabinet to finde
A Pearl, which both in beauty and in wealth,
Might equal what was once drunke at a health;
When that ambitious Queen had at a feast,
The great *Mark Anthonie* for her cheif guest,

But

But all was empty and his labour loſt,
Great Britans Merchants had them all ingroſt:
And they within your Temple ſhould appeare,
This day to wellcom in this new born year;
A *Negro* then I entertain'd that knew,
Where the unpoliſht ſun burnt Diamond grew,
I baith'd his feet in hot and quick deſire,
And ſent him to thoſe Rocks that do aſpire,
In their ambitious growth to check the Sun,
He mad's return as ſoon as thought upon:
Gave me the anſwer that I had before,
Great Brittains Merchants had ingroſt the ſtore;
A light heeld Fancie I did then beſtride,
And in conceit upon a cloud did ride:
Whoſe long wing dar'd the winds unto a chace,
And beat the nimble Swallowes in their pace,
The Perſian Looms the wealthy Indian ſhore,
For hangings, Carpets and for golden *Oare*
I did ſurvey, and found it was moſt true,
All that was good had been brought thence for you
With that, my griefs great weight did quickly break
The cloud I rode on, and I did awake:
For all this while I was but in a dream,
Begot the day before by an extream
Deſire to offer ſome ſuch ſacrifice,
The which for rarity might catch your eyes.
Sleep baniſht thus, a bright ey'd waxen taper
Preſented to my view Pen, Inck and paper,
My Muſe came dropping in as ſhe had gone

That

That morn to bath her ſelf in Hellicon
She forc't me write theſe humble lines which may
Quoth ſhe, out live the offerings made this day.
For Jewells, Hangings Plate, all fortunes treaſure
Are but times ſlaves, and vaniſh at his pleaſure.
Two things alone Immortalize great men,
And that is Children and a fruitfull pen;
The firſt heavens hath provided, and you may
Create the ſecond, if you pleaſe, this day.
And from the firſt of this new years good dayes
A Poet make to finge your vertuous praiſe.

A great Lady preſented the ſaid Lord Treaſurer *with a ſilver skreene having theſe following verſes ingraven about it, made by this Author at her requeſt.*

YOur vertues, like this ſilver skreen,
Are known to enterpoſe between
The flameing Eyes of envious fools,
Till your clear fame their Fier cools;
Sit then ſecurely, take your reſt,
And with this Motto dare their Teſt,
Detractions ſparks no more dare fly,
But like theſe Coals ſhall waſt, and dye.

The ſame Lady preſented his Majeſtie *the Queens Picture, in a Square table, wrought with a needle ſo artificially, as the moſt Skilfull Painter could not have*

have better'd it, and at the 4 corners were the names of his Majeſties *fower kingdomes, with theſe verſes made by the ſame Author.*

SHe, whoſe ambitious Genius watching lies,
With ardent Zeal to catch your ſacred Eyes,
Diſcovered hath the bleſſed object, where
Thoſe ſtars doe move as in their proper ſphere.
On that ſhe humbly fixt her loyal heart,
Untill her ſoul had taught her hands the art,
By which that objects ſweet Idea thus,
Was made to feaſt thoſe eyes that govern us.
If then this zelous offering finde but grace,
Your fower Kingdoms next you ſhall give place
Unto the Prince, Princeſs, Duke, and the other
Expected fourth Modell, their third Brother.
And thus by *Hierogliphicks* ſhe aſpires
To teach her hands to ſpeak her hearts deſires.

Mrs. Sanderſon her Majeſties *Laundreſs preſented a Celler of empty glaſſes to her* Majeſtie.

Madam,
THeſe little glaſſes had been fil'd with Iuice,
Preſt from the fruits that grow in Parradice,
The tree of Life I would have ſqueez'd and thence,
My humble Zeal had brought the quinteſſence,
Of that as yet untouched fruit, and here
Have tendered it, to welcome in this yeare,

But gratious Miſtres, know that I have been,
At every gate, courting each Cherubin,
Tould them, to whom I humbly would preſent it,
They prai'd my pardon, vow'd they durſt not ven-
Your Majeſtie, before all creatures living, (tur't
A bottle ſhould have had of their own giving,
But 'twas decreed, for Womans firſt offence,
No *Aqua-vitæ* ſhould be brought from thence,
Accept then gratious Madam, what I give,
And if my humble prayers can make you live,
You ſhall Immortall be, or that denyed,
Since none are ſo, but thoſe thats deified,
I ſhall importune heaven with my beſt breath,
You may tranſported be, and ne'er ſee death,
That all the world may know, as we believe
You are derived from heaven, not from *Eve*.

Finis. Iohn Eliot.

An Elogie.

On the Lady Jane Paulet *Marchioneſs of* Wincheſter *daughter to the right honorable the Lord* Savage *of* Rock-ſavage.

I Would invite this my humble verſe
Some weeping eyes to wait upon this Herſe,
But when I view who 'tis that lodges here
I know not then from whom to beg a tear;
To Ladies if I ſhould this ſute prefer,

So

So good this Ladie was all envyed her:
Such as had beauty whilſt they ſtood alone,
If once compar'd with her they then had none;
Thoſe ſpangle vertues that they gloried in,
To her Teſt brought, prov'd then but gilded ſin;
She was the Lyllie of the Field, the reſt
But Daſies, Primroſe, Cowſlips at the beſt;
This blazing ſtar all others thus out ſhining,
Inferiour lights grow great, by her declining;
Since Ladies then are better'd by her death,
To beg their tears were but to waſt my breath.
Should I to vertuous men my ſelf adreſs,
And crave ſome ſighs from them they would con-
That if a thought of her but croſt their way (feſs,
Even in the Temple, they no more could pray.
The fire of love, their ſparkes of Zeal put forth,
And they no text could ſtudie, but her worth;
The thickskind Boar, that at high noon defies
The ſcorching Sun was melted by her eyes.
The ſtiff-neckt Puritane doth not allow
His god a knee, yet to this Saint would bowe.
Her graneſt Chaplins in the midſt of grace
Stood often mute, till gazing on her face (books,
They f.o n her Cheeks, as from two well pend
Found graces ſtore, and read them in her looks.
And thus all men Idolatrie commit,
Some with her feature, others with her wit.
All good men then how deer ſoe er'e they lov'd her
Are glad e'n for their ſouls ſake, death remov'd her

Shall I rub natures ſores, and once again,
From tender Parents eyes preſs drops of rain;
That were a Crime that would beget a ſtorie, (ry,
To mourn for her they know is crown'd with glo-
But they religious are, and will repent
The ſighs, and groans, and teares already ſpent;
For being married thus before they die,
To Ioyes Long liv'd, as is eternitie,
Part of her hapineſs they ſhall deſtroy
That weep for her, unleſs they weep for Ioye.
Should I awake her Lord, and from his eyes
Requier teares, by way of ſacrifice,
That were a Crueltie her gentle ſoul
Would ſharply in his ſleeps and dreams controule;
For if the Saints our actions doe diſcover,
To weep for her would ſhow he did not love her;
For being Crown'd with bliſs, 'twere moſt unjuſt
To wiſh her here again, to dwell with duſt,
What Ioy, what honour can there be like this,
She that was once his wife an *Angell* is.
A piece of his own fleſh with her is gone,
As in his right, to take poſſeſſion,
Of theſe eternall Ioyes long ſince decreed
To godly Parents, and their righteous ſeed;
Nor was high heaven content to grace him ſo,
But knowing nature apt to over throw
Foundations, that by faith are weakly laid,
This goodly Fabrick muſt not be decay'd
By ſlow pac't time; nor did thoſe powers pleaſe

To

To ruine it by ſurfeits or diſeaſe;
Sure common meſſengers were thought too mean,
This was a Temple pure, and chaſt, and clean,
And muſt not cancel'd be the Common way,
Or ſink like houſes built of Lyme and clay:
She was a Diamond, and a Diamond muſt
Be found to cut her er'e ſhe fall to duſt;
A Diamond of the ſelf ſame Rock, or none,
The Fleſh of her own Fleſh, bone of her bone;
And this muſt cut and polliſh either other,
The mother fit the Child, the Child the mother,
For Gods own wearing, O now tell me where
A husband can find room to place a tear,
Or Parents ground whereon to drop a grone,
Happie, unhappie Lady, is their none
Hath cauſe to mourn, or to lament thy death,
Yes bleſſed ſoul, more then doe yet draw breath;
Children unborne, and ages yet to come
Shal bring their offerings to thy honour'd Tombe,
Pilgrimes from furtheſt parts ſhall here arrive,
To kiſs the earth thou trod'ſt on being alive;
Chaſt virgins, widows, wives ſhall every ſpring
Branches of Palme and Laurell hither bring;
And round about thy Sepulcher ſhall kneell,
And vent in ſighs what their ſad hearts do feel.
Infants ſhall to thy Infant every hower
Offer a garland, or at leaſt a Flower,
And then the elder ſhall the Yonger tell,
That they muſt never hear a paſſing Bell;

But they muſt drop a tear in memorie
Of thoſe two bleſſed ſouls, whoſe bones there lye.
And as each year that day ſhall bring about,
On which the Tyrant death thoſe lights put out,
They muſt invent a curſe, and that curſe lay
So heavie, that it prove a diſmall day.
A day on which no work ſhall be begun,
No fruit be planted, nor a ſeed be ſow'n:
No traveller that conſcience makes of ſin
Shall dare a Journey on that day begin:
And if a Yew that day bring forth a Lamb,
Let it be Fatall to the ſillie dam;
Let not a dove that day a dove diſcloſe,
Nor hunts-man find a Fawn, fal'n from his does;
Let Midwives only on that day be bleſt
With what they ſeldom get, ſweet ſleep, ſweet reſt;
For on that day, that diſmall day, the earth
Loſt all her pride, by an untimely birth,
And this poor Iſle was utterly undone,
And rob'd of ſuch a mother, ſuch a Son,
As doting nature with her palſie fiſt
Shall never frame again, nor fates untwiſt
Such gentle ſtuff, ſo ſoft ſo debonayr,
As was this Child, nor mother half ſo fair
As was the lovely mould in which twas caſt.
For never was there womb ſo pure ſo chaſt,
Nor ſhall mankind ſo much as hope to ſee
The world inricht with fruit from ſuch a tree;
A Child that ſaw the world, and fell a Crying,

As

As if to live with us were worſe then dying;
A mother wiſely apprehending too,
One *Phenix* to one world was onely due:
And thus as by conſent they both retire;
And both to aſhes burn in their own fire.
Is it a ſea that overwhelms each eye?
Or is it ſome black cloud that maſks the skie?
Or is the *Sun* eclipſt, or hath the day
Clapt on her ſwifteſt wings and fled away?
And left me thus, as if this ſubject might
Be beſt purſude in ſolitarie night?
Or whence proceeds thoſe miſts that thus involves
Alas there dropt a tear and that reſolves me, (me,
My heart ſurcharg'd with grief ſeeks eaſe, and tries
How ſorrow may be vented by the eyes;
The blots of Inck that from my pen do fall,
Like hired mourners, at a Funerall,
No power have to move the Lookers on,
To ſpeaking actions of compaſſion,
Let others then ſad *Epitaphs* invent,
And paſte them up about thy moniment;
Let ſuch whoſe ſorrows are not great as mine,
With golden verſes beautifie thy *Shrine*;
Whilſt my poor muſe contents it ſelf, that ſhe
Vents ſighes, not words unto thy memorie;
Nor canſt thou want bleſt Soul an *Elogie*;
I ſee one writ in every Readers eye
Reſt then in peace, the world to duſt ſhall turne
When tears are wanting to keep moyſt thy urne.

In Prætorem.

WHen I behold thee, proudly to advance,
Behinde thy ſword, and Cap of Maintenance,
Bold *Macchabeus*, me thinks I peruſe,
Leading into the field, a troop of Iews.
When on the ſeat of Juſtice, you ſit plodding,
And Alderman, 'gainſt Alderman, ſits nodding,
I doe conceive, in Arras hangings wrought,
The wicked Elders Images, that ſought
The chaſt Suſanna to betray, but when,
The market bell, hath rous'd you, from your den,
Each Tripe wife, Baker, Hagler, and the reſt,
Flying as lambs, before a Crewell beaſt,
I then Conceive a lyon, in Fox Furs,
Marching before a Crew of bloody Curs,
For ſuch your *Sarjeants* are, but when I ſee,
You lead towards *Pauls*, with all your liverie,
Making an artificiall day, with lights,
As numberleſs as ſtarrs, in froſty nights,
I cry good God, preſerve thy bleſſed ſonne,
For treaſon is on foot, and faſt doth run,
Since Iudas like, you ſeem to be attended
By ſuch, as our Redeemer apprehended,
Thus as you vary in your ſhapes I conſter
You ſometimes man, beaſt ſometimes, ſometimes Monſter.

In

In Senatores.

WHen I behold your wealth, I do admire
Your fruitful wits, by which you do acquire
Such vaſt eſtates, but then your wiſdome founding,
Wonder on wonder, works to my confounding,
To think that ſo much Treaſure, ſhould be gain'd
By you ſo deep belly'd, and ſo ſhallow brayn'd,
I ask a reaſon and am anſwered ſtrait,
You get it not by witt, but by deceit,
This ſeeming truth my admiration cools,
And I conclude, fortune ſtill favours ------

A payre of Shrieves.

IN ſcarlet gowns, and golden chains when I,
Dull ſighted as I am, your worſhips ſpye,
Swimming down Ludgate hill in haſte, to meet,
The Temple daring Rebells in the ſtreet,
Me thinks I ſee two Gallie Foiſts well man'd,
Sent from the turks, to *Milford* in the ſtrand,
With ſtrict Commiſſion, to pluck out by th' Ears,
Thoſe ſea-burnt ſoldiers that once ſackt *Algiers*,
For verily your ſarjeants ſeems to me,
No other then mere infidels to be,
But when your beaſts have brought you nearer
I further am from knowing you, and ſtand, (hand
Like one amaz'd, I then begin to doubt,

The

The Devil, and his Crew, are all broke out;
For ſure I ſee a Furnace in each Noſe,
That like to *Etna*, burning Brimſtone throws
Into the Air, their Cheeks to me appear
Like Beacons fired by the Peoples fear.
Their beetle Browes look like thoſe Cherubins
Kept *Adam* out of *Eden*, for his ſins.
My Boy, that's better ſighted far then I,
Would face me down, he ſaw in every Eye
A Vintners Boy, burning or Sack, or Claret,
But, hang him Raſcal, he prates like a Parrat;
I rather think, their eyes four Cyclops are,
Forging an Armour for the God of War;
And thoſe grim *Sarjeants* Hellhounds, us'd to keep
The Furnace hot, whilſt the toyl'd Cyclops ſleep.
So know Right Worſhipful, without deſembling,
I never ſee you, but I fall a trembling;
And to confeſs the Truth, I daily pray,
That I may never meet you in my way.
Good brazen Serpent, vaniſh hence apace,
Since 'tis to me a Hell to ſee thy Face.

A Recorder.

YOu are the Cities Mouth, as they report,
That have to do in any City Court.
But I that ne'er by rumour could be lead,
Do rather take you for the Cities Head.
A goodly beaſt of venery proclaims you;

But

But let it be as the poor people names you, (vented
The Cities Mouth, by which their mindes are
Then gentle Mouth, pray be not diſcontented,
If that I ask you in a civil way,
What good proportion of Oats and Hay
Do they allow you, for without offence,
Full well I know their thrifty providence;
Do you at Livery ſtand, or by the Bottle
Get you your Hay, your Oats by Peck or Pottle?
Fie no, I hear one anſwer me in ſcorn,
That you on Cuſtards feed, and not on Corn.
Eat Cuſtards ſtill, yea Cuſtards eat for ever,
And rotten Eggs let there be wanting never:
And to that end, good Sir, be tender hearted,
For if you ſtill do doom Bawds to be carted
Eggs may grow dear, and ſo by Conſequence,
Cuſtards may looſe in their circumference,
Therefore take care in time, you Head or Mouth,
Leſt Cuſtads fail, that pleaſe your rotten tooth.

A Sword-Bearer.

THou Sword of Juſtice, ſheath'd in Velvet good,
Whoſe Blade, as yet, ne'er taſted other blood
But what the Tyrant *Tiburn* monthly ſheds,
Whoſe Hilt was never ſtain'd with broken heads,
I humbly would demand of you the Bearer,
Whether it be by th' Grandfather, or nearer
Allied unto that honoured dudgion Dagger

With

With which a Major of old did bravely swagger:
When b'ing half drunk (as I conceive) he drew it,
And winking into *Jack Cades* Bosom threw it;
Doubtless they are so neer of kin, as neither
May marry, nor with safety come together.
For should that dagger with that sword but trade,
Betwixt them they would get a bloody blade;
And such a one to speak the simple truth,
As might put dangerous valour in your Youth.
O wisdom! wisdom worthy lasting wonder!
Blest be those heads that kept these blades asunder,
Since by that means, to their eternal praise,
Shovetuesdayes are become sweet peaceful dayes:
Bold Prentices no more the Rebels play,
Nor in old armour fetch in youthful May.
Comedians act in peace, each Baud and Whore,
Sleeping securely needs not guard her door.
March then in Triumph, and that sword advance,
Well it becomes that Cap of Maintenance;
For all things perish do, if not maintain'd, (stain'd;
That Blade would rust, that Scabbard would be
The Sun, & Moon, & Stars would waste each hour,
Were they not nourisht by a Heav'nly power.
In their election too of that Sword-bearer
Their wisdom shines, there's nothing doth shine
For if men but uprightly speak, who can (clearer;
Finde out in *Europe* a more upright man?
And to speak truth, uprightness best becomes
Such as o'th' Bench fill up fair Justice rooms.

Let

Let others then with Lybels ſtrive to blaſt you,
You men of wiſdom, I ſhall ſtrive to eaſt you
In good Bell Mettall, and with my rude rimes,
Set to a ſweeter tune then Bow Church Chimes,
I'l ring your praiſe, which ſhall be heard as far as
Sir *Thomas Greſhams* pipes on th' Changes Tarras,
Paul Pinders new gilt Organs in *Pauls* quyer,
Shall not dive deeper, no nor yet reach higher,
To catch a note, worthy your worſhips hearing,
Then I'l make praiſe worthy your wearing.
King *Edwards* Sword in old *Weſtminſter* Abby
May ſeem to catch this Fool, or that young Baby.
The keeper too, that licenc'd is to cozen,
On Sabbath day poor people by the dozen,
May proſper for a time, but I ſuppoſe,
Neither his ſneaking ſpeech, or ſnuffling noſe
That moves the multitude to mirth and laughter,
Shall e'er be heard, or minded much hereafter;
For in thy ſwords ſweet praiſe, & thy uprightneſs,
Thy feets ſtraight ſhape, thy heads garb, thy Eyes
(brightneſs,
I will ſuch verſes write ſhall turne the tide
From durty *Weſtminſter*, to fair Cheapſide;
And mony ſhall be given the next age
To ſee that Sword, and thy ſtrange equipage.
No matter then how dear the place thou buyeſt,
It ſhall come treble home before thou dyeſt.

To the Citie Sarjeants.

STand by you curſed Raſcals, whilſt I ſtrive
Your Helliſh Pedegree thus to derive,
And tell the world, not of your develiſh trade,
But of what Loathſome Mettal you were made.
Nature being ſick, and in an Ague quaking,
Diſtempered in her Brains, each Member ſhaking
She in a fury roſe, and madly ſaid,
Devils like men as yet ſhe had not made;
But now ſhe was reſolv'd of Mettal baſe
To make ſo wicked, and ſo dam'd a Race,
As ſhould degenerate from humane kinde,
They ſhould be men in ſhape, devils in minde.
With that unto her Tub of Shreds ſhe goes,
And firſt, the loathſom clouts of Bauds ſhe throwe
Into a cankerd furnace, which had been
Ne'er lookt on, ſince *Judas* was put therein.
A Rag ſhe findes all leaprous, the which
She long ſince pull'd from a foul ſtinking Breech
And that into her Cauldron ſhe doth croud,
A naſty Maſty Bitch, new lin'd, ſtill proud,
She made a ſpirit fetch and ſlay; that done,
The matrice of that ugly Bitch was thrown
Amongſt the reſt, to theſe ſhe adds withall
A cruel Tygers Heart, a mad Dogs gall,
A Wolfe's ranck Gut, the Pizel af a Bull,
With theſe her fiery cauldron filling full.

Sh

She boyls them long, and then ſhe them doth mix
With water, fetcht from the black River Styx.
This done a name ſhe to this Monſter gave,
Which was *Varlet*, that's to ſay baſe knave.
Walk on baſe knave, and know he's much to blame
That ever calls you by a better Name.

A City Hangman.

IF formerly I undervalu'd thee,
'Twas want of knowledge in thy Pedegree,
For which I pardon ask, and now believe,
In Heraldry thou ſhould'ſt ride with the Shrieve.
Nay to ſpeak truth, and give thee thy full Grace,
Of him by right thou ought'ſt to take the place;
For well I know, that when the Hangman pleaſes
To keep his Chamber, let it be diſeaſes,
Or melancholly, nay let buſineſſe be
The moving cauſe, he then muſt work for thee,
And hang, or head, or preſs, or whip, or burn,
Let him write Knight, that ſhall not ſerve his turn,
He muſt ſupply thy place, thy office do;
As for his Sarjeants, they are but a Crew
Of upſtart Raſcals, and come in of late;
For when proud *Haman* was hang'd up in State,
Where was the Sheriff, where the Sarjeants then?
The Hiſtory remembers no ſuch men.
Nay *Judas* fares the worſe, no doubt becauſe
That he againſt both God, and Natures Laws,

Uſurpt

Uſurpt anothers place, and ſo became,
Proudly ambitious, of a Hangmans name,
Nay more, I'l bouldly ſay, mankind had been,
This day plunging, in Originall ſin,
And we no Bleſſed Advocat, had known,
If thoſe accurſed Iews, had not found one,
To offer up for us, that Sacrifice,
Who is it then a hangman dare deſpiſe,
Who are thy enemies, who thy Detractors?
They'r none but whores, Bauds, and Malefactors.
Truly Right Worſhipfull I grieve to think,
That I ſhould now be writing with ſuch Inck,
So thick with Gall, that from my ſharp edg'd pen
No praiſe will fall, for ſuch deſerving men;
For when I Commiks write, Hangman ſhall be,
The onely ſubject of my flatterie.
Mean time in my eſteem great Sir beleive,
Thou better art then Sarjeant, nay then Shrieve

To a Lady Majoreſs.

WHen I behold your head and limbs all ſha(king
Much like a Cuſtard newly come from ba(king
Your Velvet hood on tipto raiſ'd upright
As if your Hinch boy challenge would to fight.
Your pretty mouth, like Oyſter gaping wide,
As if it did expect ere long the tyde;
Your Chin like Aple, both ſo red and ſhrivel'd,
So ſcalded by a hot rhume hourly drivel'd.

From

From thoſe your rotten ſtinking teeth and gums,
Not to be qualified by beſt perfumes,
Your eyes retired, as aſham'd to ſee
Your Cheeks in ſuch a painted livery;
And then to ſee your Mary-bone like noſe,
Dropping down ſtinking ſtuff on coſtly cloaths.
Beſides your bodie too hung up in chaines,
And Ropes of Pearl binding your bloodleſs veins
Your neck like rotten ſtake in rotten Hedge,
Your grafted locks like ſun burnt hay, or ſedge,
Your high exalted ſhoulders lin'd with quilts,
Propping your head as if it walkt on ſtilts;
Your deform'd carcaſs Cover'd over all,
With ſeverall rayments like a Brokers Stall.
Whilſt thus I ſee your honour ſit in ſtate,
Me thinks you ſeem a Pageant out of date:
But coming to ſalute you I conclude
You a Dungbarge that 'gainſt *Symon* and *Iude*
Hath been trim'd up, and thoſe your ſilken Raggs
Are meerly painted ſtreamers, gilded flags,
Your upper Deck ſo ſtinks, I dare be bould
No drunken Skipper would indure your hold.
Sayle on old rotten Pinke, I would not be
Lord Maior to ly one night aboard in thee.

An Aldermans wife

GRave *Madam* I your ſtile will not forget,
For that your husband writes Kt Barronet

I do remember too, it was your pride
That forct the foole so to be dignified;
Nor ever shall my my memory let fall,
How you with *Madam* start up stood for th'wall:
It cost the good old Alderman at least
To get the wall for his old wall-ey'd beast,
Two thousand pounds, in mony and in ware,
In which your worships portion had no share,
Your mother was a tripe wife, that I know,
And good old woman sometimes did bestow
A tub of Souce to ease your housholds charge,
With good Sheeps trotters, Cowheels fat & large:
In which sad time all your great kindreds purses,
Went to make up a stock of Hobbie Horses,
Babies, Rattles, Incle, pinns, poynts and Laces,
With Shooeing horns, Boan Combs in moldy cases;
Out of which pedling stuff, your wits be praised,
A sum of forty thousand pounds you raised
Your daughters were so frequent with this ware,
That yet me thinks they Hobbie horses are:
Your sons have Rattles in their heads, and Prat
As each a Pedler had within his Pate;
And truly Madam you one points do stand,
As if your points lay still upon your hand;
The good old Alderman his head doth bear,
As if a shooing horn hung in each Eare.
But if the people wonder at his rise,
'Tis selling bad wares at a treble price;
Trading and cheating, which he cals endeavour,

Made

Made him first great, and make him so persever;
Untill the Shrievedom came, and then he sold
Both Law and justice for shrieve damning gold.
And if he once be Mayor, and so a Lord,
Then he'll have Orphants furnish out his board,
Dres'd in their bloud like Carps, while their estates
Is melted down to make their silver plates.
The end that makes him cheat, rack and encroach,
Is but to have a gold-chain and a coach.
Ride on, good Madam, in your dignitie
With your young Alderkins, both he and she,
But yet take heed, lest that to pay your scores,
Your sons prove cockscombs and your daughters whoors.

To the great Mistress of my humble Muse the Lady Honora, happily as deservedly Marchioness of Winchester.

Madam.

THough I have plac't you heer amongst a heard
Of rough sharp Satyrs be not you afeard.
I dare be bould to say, your honors name
Hath power alone the wildest beast to tame;
And for that cause your servant being inclin'd
To fury and madness, but calling to minde
His noble Patrones, that very thought
Hath dispossest me. *Madam* I am brought
Into a millder strain and to the Court
I take my way, there if you'll see me sport,

And wantonize, I ſhall a gentler way
Purſue, and hunt thoſe gentler beaſts of prey.
And for your *Guarde Madam*, I'le humbly place
Such as are neareſt in your love and grace,
Two faithfull ſervants, ſervants of your own,
Yet Courtiours too, and ſuch as can make known
The names of all the beaſts that I ſhall chaſe,
Tell me their pedegree, their kind, their Race
A worke I dare not doe, I muſt perſiſt
Still in the way of Epigramatiſt.
The Maskers muſt be vayl'd as in a clouds
I muſt preſent them, let me be alow'd
Your wonted favours, and with confidence,
I ſhall goe boldly on without offence.
Arm'd with a reſolution not to care,
So you be pleas'd, who the mad Criticks are.

To his beſt of friends, and ſo the beſt deſerver of his beſt reſpects Sir Edward Buſhell knight.

BRave Sir, had I a praiſe reſerved in ſtore
So high a one, as ne're was ſpoke before,
You have deſerv'd it, only know I fear,
A beaſt, call'd flattery, more then Wolfe or Bear:
But this unto your glorie be it ſaid,
The praiſes I let fall are ſeldome wai'd;
They paſs for currant and are ſtill received,
As Coyne by which men never are deceived:
Take it in brief, you are unto your freinds,

Faith-

Faithful, reall, and conſtant without ends.
Finde me another Courtiour of that ſtrain
And I 'gainſt Courtiours ne'er will rail again.

To his honoured kinſman Sir.
Gregory Fenner knight.

IS it my poverty begets your ſcorn,
If greatneſs dwell in blood, we both were borne
In one degree, though you have got the ſtart
In fortune, hold it, know I ſpeak my heart.
A ſtrangers happineſs doth never ſpite me,
Yet I'le be angry if a kinſman ſlight me:
I dare the world to tax me with a crime
Unleſs it be as now in wanton rime;
Then if your blood loud ſir, I have not tainted,
Why are we ſtrangers, let's be acquainted.
I hate my friends ſhould know you do reject me,
For feare they ſhould ſuſpect you can detect me.
Then let us meet, and merry be together,
And give men cauſe to praiſe but cenſure neither

A complaint to one of his friends to whom the Author ſent a coppie of verſes which were printed without his conſent or knowledge.

I Sent you Sir, by way of thankfullneſs,
Verſes, which ſince by ſtealth have paſt the preſs;
I hope by ſtealth, becauſe a man unknown

Ventur'd to print them, calling them his own
To have him preſt then is my humble ſuit,
Not for the theft, but 'cauſe he ſhould ſtand mute:
Would he confeſs to ſave him I'l be willing,
And ſwear the verſes were not worth a ſhilling.
But if his heart obdurate prove like flint,
I'l ſhortly prove him knave and foole in print.

A new made Lord.

WOnder good people I beſeech you wonder;
At that ſtrange Monſter which you ſee go yonder,
Men call it Lord, but as I have been tould,
His honour's not above two howers old.
And yet it ſtruts, and as you ſee it goes,
A thouſand Country fooles would now ſuppoſe
It were a very Lord of gods own making,
But pardon heavens ſuch their groſs miſtaking;
For God was never cal'd to his creation,
Fie no, it is a new found Occupation.
There are outlandiſh men of late come hither
Can make you two or three ſuch toyes together.
And by one Lord ſoe made, get more by odds,
Then did the *Panim* Prieſts by their falſe Gods.
T'is wiſely done ſince God is little ſet by,
To make ſuch fooliſh toyes as men may get by.

A

A new made Counteſs.

COachman I thank thee, had'ſt thou not rid bare
I had offended in a high degree,
In truth I ſhould have took that Lady fair,
For one that lately loved Iniquitie;
I knew a whore, heaven bleſs thy Ladies Father,
So like her, as thy horſes are each other.
So like in all things, as I needs muſt tell her,
No Girl was ever halfe ſo like her mother:
Nay ſtill me thinks ſhe runs ſo in my thoughts,
As I ſhall never ſee thy *Ladies* face,
But I ſhall think upon that thing of nought,
Both of the hower I met her, and the place.
But hoping thy *Counteſs* will ſuch thoughts forgive
I'l more eſteem a bare Coachman whilſt I live.

A Lord that vſed to ſwear by his honour before his pattent was ſealed.

BY mine honour quoth an elective Lord,
Madam, of all your ſex I love you beſt.
She anſwers, ſwear by ſomething on record,
And then I ſhall believe what you proteſt:
For want of fees your Pattent's yet undrawn,
The Heraulds and the Uſhers are unpaid,
Untill that's done your honour lies in pawn,
And muſt do till all charges be defrayd,
No credit ſeek till you that diſingage,
For in th' mean while your honours under age.

To a great Lady of little worth, that used to say she could eat the Author, if he were worth the eating.

MAdam, I wonder since your honour knows
I dare speak truths, and dare maintain them
How you durst put your self upon my censure, (too
Though well I know you are a cunning Fencer,
As in *Romes* Theatre did e're apear,
But Lady *Gipsie* let me crave your ear.
I know where all your Bastards were at nurse,
I know your Bauds, your Panders, nay what's worse
I know how one aborti ve was conveid
By your chayr-woman, or your chamber maid,
Into old Ajax broth, whose stinking breath,
Had nature given it life, had given it death.
Why do you tempt me then with oft repeating,
That you could eat me, were I worth the eating,
Keep close your teeth good *Madam*, lest that I
Open my mouth, and tell your villanie.

Upon a proud painted upstart Lady.

WHat makes that painted puppet stand for th' (wall?
If you would know the cause quoth one, you (shall.
Her father was a Mason as men say,
Which makes her Ladyship still lean that way.
Beshrew my dim dull eyes, for now I see
In both her cheeks written her pedegree;
Her nose is like a Trowell, and her Chin

A Tray, ſuch as they carry morter in.
Walk on good lyme and hair, I ever ſhall
As duty binds, give to thy wall the wall.

Upon her Chamber-maid.

Suſan ſwears, if all hit right it may be,
She'll have as good a face as hath her Lady.
Faith *Suſan* have it, elſe thou'rt much to blame,
For all men know, thou playſtereſt up the ſame.

Upon a Maide of honour that went into the country to take the ayr.

Madam you left the court the vertuous cry,
To take the ayr, or ſee ſome Country friend,
I heard it ſpoke, but know it was a lye,
To looſe an heir Lady, was all your end.
The doctors cannot cure a Mayd that's ill,
O noe, old mother *Mid-wife* hath more skill.

Upon her chamber-maid.

Matilda mightily of late doth brave it,
Since ſhee was Madam *Mopſas* Chamber maid,
Five marks a year is all, and if ſhe have it,
But many times her wages is unpaid.
No, 'tis a mark intayl'd her by her *Grandum*
That yields her now a hundred pounds *per annum*.

Upon

Upon a Lady that went to Tunbridge wells.

A Lady fair whose outside spake civillity,
Went to the wells to cure her wombs sterilli-
And eke to free her from the stone and gravell; (ty,
But in a while this Lady fell in travell,
And was delivered of a goodly daughter;
This bred about the court much mirth and laugh-
Because shee barren was so long before. (ter,
Alas good people, pray admire nomore,
'Twas not the water, they that say so mock,
It was the pipe, rather the water cock;
Nor think it was a dunghill cock, for shame,
O noe, it was a lusty cock o'th game.
If then the stone, as doctors tell the story,
Be a disease that prove hereditory,
I trust her daughter will have so much wit,
Early to get a cock for her cock-pit;
And rather then be barren, play the whore,
As her great mother hath done heretofore.
What need we doubt it, since we allwayes finde,
Like daughter like mother, Cat will after kind.

A Footman turn'd Gentleman Usher.

LIving not long, yet have I liv'd to see
A mimble youth, a light foot, a lackie,
To run so fast into his ladies grace,

That

That now next her i'th Coach he takes his place,
For having tri'd ſhe found this youth a cunning,
Riding as ſtiff as he was ſtrong in running.
But riding much his Laundreſs now complains,
He runs much faſter then he did o'th rains.

Upon a coy countrey Laſs

Mopſa I met and offer'd to have kiſt her,
Shee turn'd her cheek, and I ſtept by and miſt her
She ſpar'd her lips, becauſe her breath was tainted,
And I her cheeks, becauſe I found it painted.
Since at firſt ſight we had no better greeting,
Your hand, coy Laſs, ſhall ſerve at our next meeting.

Upon the ſame proud fool turn'd Courtiour.

Dametus ſent this *Mopſa* to the Court,
Where at the firſt Ladies with her made ſport;
But ſhe ſoon learned tricks in ſuch a meaſure,
As now the greateſt Lords uſe her for pleaſure.
I could have tould *Dametus* ſo before,
The Court would make her either fool or whore.

A quarrell between two Court Chamber-maids.

Tib on a time her fellow *Francis* croſt,
And *Francis* ſwore *Tibs* Maidenhead was loſt:
In truth quoth *Tib*, you do me mighty wrong

Who

Who ſells her maiden-head, but for a ſong,
Looſeth it not, but *Miſtreſs Francis* I
Sold it to th' worth, who ſayes 'tis loſt, they lye.

A Court Baud.

WOuld you not think that fair ſeeming fea-(ture
Were in good ſooth a very living creature,
Would you not think it had eyes, teeth, and noſe,
That thoſe her own legs are on which ſhe goes,
That her own hair, nay more, that her own face,
Alaſs I could direct you to the place,
Where all thoſe toyes were bought and know
That nothing is her own of all you ſee, (from me,
Thoſe ſtars, that from her face caſt ſuch a light,
Are ſhut into a little box each night;
That propt up noſe like a Percullis where,
The god of warr, keeps Citizens in fear:
By artificiall Surgeons is let down,
No ayr at night breaths through that ſtincking
Naught iſſues out, until the morning bell (town,
The watch diſcharges, and brings carefull *Nell*
Her Chamber-maid to her relief, ſhe ſtraight
Drawes the Percullis opens every gate,
Lets looſe the common Sewer of her brain
Which like a filthy lakes, or ſinke gainſt rain,
Sends forth a fume able to taint the ayr,
Thoſe orient teeth, and that her Flaxen hair,
One of her legs, a Merkin too it's ſaid

Each

Each night commited are unto her Maid.
So he that ſees her, Ladyſhip in bed,
Sees a meer bundle of traſh with a deaths head.
And leaſt you ſhould conceive all this but fraud,
Know it was *Macarella* the Court Baud.

To her Coadjutor.

AS Midwives Coadiutors have, and whoors
Aſſiſting Panders, to keepe ſafe their doors.
Sarjeants their Yeomen, Sheriffs have Underſheriffs,
Hangmen have fellow helpers, and as Theeves
Muſt Setters have, if they a good trade drive,
Even ſo a Baude if ſhee intend to thrive;
If ſhee be provident ſhee muſt provide
A carefull Deputy, to be a Guide
To wandering youth, grave *Macarella* knew
Well what ſhee did, when ſhe made choice of you.
To old *Canidia*, you were Chambermaid,
Who drove as all men knew, a mighty trade,
She furniſh'e all the Senators with ware;
Of great Ambaſſadors ſhe had a care;
And rather then ſhee would be deſtitute,
Her own fair Daughters ſhee would proſtitute;
She was to ſtrangers very charitable,
And would ſupply, ſo far as ſhe was able
Diſtreſſed Matrons, and to a younger Brother
She was more open then her own dear mother:
Indeed the Court had ill been ſerv'd if ſhee

Had

Had been as ſimple as moſt ladies bee,
Then *Macarella* as before is ſaid,
Did well to chuſe ſo grave a chamber maid
To be her fellow helper, I commend her,
For well I know ſuch providence will render
A great increaſe, and the adventurer raiſe
To great renown, and get them no ſmall praiſe.
Alaſs what could the maids of honour do,
Sit like ſo many Hawks within a mew,
Without your induſtries and ſecret helps,
Feed on ſheeps eyes, and play with whining whelps
Unto the old exchange they could not fly,
Nor could their trunks and wardrobs get ſupply,
They could not impe one feather in their train
Not eat, nor live, but by your fruitfull brain;
And though you walk with Cruches, yet in truth,
You are two Staves to weak and ſimple youth.
Walk on good Madam Baud with that your Mate,
You are two needfull members in a ſtate.

To an honorable Lady that ſometimes grac't the author with the name of ſervant, and afterwards neglected him.

YOu were my Miſtreſs, and a graticus one,
But how I loſt you is to me unknowne,
Let me in ignorance ſo reſt for ever,
For 'tis a ſin that ſhould be pardoned never;
A ſin I mean in him or her that laid

That

That damned plot by which I was betray'd.
Ther's none ſo great but may before ſhe dyes
Have cauſe to need a ſlave for Sacrifice,
If ſuch a one your honour chance to want,
Truſt not a Paraſite or Sicophant.
Nature for their diſcharge hath this excuſe,
She made them up for ſhow, but not for uſe.

To the ſame honorable Lady ſuſpecting her ſervants ſecrecie.

I hear you do miſtruſt my ſecrecie,
Your Midwife is not halfe ſo cloſe as I,
I have a Rule by which I meaſure others,
He never takes my Faith that e're diſcovers.
To boaſt of favours were but to proclaim
My own ignominie, and boſt loud ſhame.
When I am dead, he that ſhall diſſect me
Shall nothing finde by which he may detect me.
Living I am in hope yet to regain you,
It were my own loſſe Madam then to ſtain you,
It were an honour that would make me proud
To have it thought, not ſaid, I am alow'd
To have the favour of your common rooms,
Which never is deni'd to meaneſt Grooms.
We may have buſineſſe, buſineſſe we have had
Which none ſhall know, unleſſe you make me mad.
If I in any thing fair Soul, do glory,
It is in this, No man can write my ſtory;

For

For to my ſelf, my ſelf ſhall ſtill be true,
And I my ſelf muſt blaſt, by blaſting you. (face,
Sleep then in peace, the world may know my
But nothing know that tends to your Diſgrace.

A juſt Complaint to his Juſt as Honourable Patrones againſt a Sorcerer, that by his Inchantments depraves her humbleſt Servant of her Grace.

Madam,

THere is a ſeeming Saint that haunts your table,
Who by his *S*orcery and Spells is able
To make the ſtaideſt man to *Bedlam* run,
His company, bleſt Lady, timely ſhun.
He is a great Magician, I'l maintain it,
Or elſe I had enjoy'd a peaceful brain yet;
My ſenſes had been at mine own diſpoſing:
But Madam, ſimple as I was, repoſing
In him great truſt and confidence, I went
The other day, when he came out of *Kent*,
Boldly unto his Chamber, when Heav'n knows
I little thought he had been one of thoſe
That ſtudied, as the people call it well,
That foul Black Art, taught by a Childe of Hell.
I held him for a good plain dealing man,
But out alas, ſimple Fool that I am,
He was too cunning for my ſhallow brain,
I know not how, or where he laid his train,
But ſuddainly your Servant was ſuppris'd,

And

And by his Spells and Charms ſo vaſſalis'd,
That as you may perceive by theſe my Rimes,
I am ſtark ſtaring mad at certain times.
Nor ſhall it be amiſs, your patience had,
To tell your Honour how I firſt fell mad.
One night, and 'tis moſt true, night's ſtill the Baud
To Conjurors, and ſuch as practiſe fraud,
This cunning man, this great Magician ſent
To call me to a ſupper, whether I went
Fearleſs Heav'n knows, and when I came he had,
For he is curious too, a Table clad
With Linen white, as is the Mountain Snow,
So clean as I complain'd they foul'd it ſo;
For Fowl of every ſort on this ſame cloth
He caus'd his Servants ſet, ſome ſwome in broth,
Some dabled in ſuch ſauces, as might make
The heavyeſt Fowler ſwim ſuch Fowl to take,
And rather venture drowning in that Flood
Then loſe the Fowl that was ſo fat and good.
There wanted not *Anchovies* and grand ſallets,
In fine, things were prepar'd to pleaſe our pallets:
But then, before my Ears he would take up,
This ſubtill man calls for a ſwelling Cup
Of unctious wine, wine proud of its own wealth,
But prouder far when 'twas baptiz'd your health,
Here is quoth he, and then his Beaver caſt
On ground, health to thoſe Souls I came from laſt,
Health to the faireſt, ſweeteſt, chaſteſt ſoul,
That ere was mentioned in ſuch a Bowl,

The bleſt *Honora* Goddeſs of *Sommerhill*,
He drinks it off, and bids his ſervants fill
Untill the bluſhing grape was ſeen to ſwim,
Like a high tide, above the ſilver brim
Of that bleſt cup; for bleſt quoth he it is,
Whilſt it contains ſo bleſt a health as this.
I ſi llie wretch pledg'd him without leaſt fear
Of any poyſon could be mingled there,
That done his ſilver head aloft he rayſes,
As he were proud to ſpeak *Honoras* praiſes;
And like a cunning Orator goes on
Mildly, till he had gain'd attention.
Firſt he was ſorry that I did not know you,
O that I had but wit his art to ſhew you!
And then he wiſhes by ſome happie waie
Your honour might know me, then he did play,
As ſkillfull Fiſhers do, with wanton trout,
Tickling me gently, and at laſt brake out,
Your daring Muſe quoth he, that flyes at game,
Compar'd with her, not worthy is of name,
I would invite to *Sommerhill*, ſince there
Such quarry is, ſuch ayr, ſo pure, ſo cleer,
As you may at one flight much glory gain;
And thence he rais'd up to a lofty ſtrain,
Madam, of your unparralel'd deſerts,
Swears that you are the Miſtres of all hearts,
And gives a reaſon why you muſt be ſoe,
Then reckons all the graces that can flow
From God, or nature, and then he beats his breaſt

Angri

Angrie he could not as he would digeſt,
What he conceiv'd into ſuch lively phraſes
As might ornate and beautifie your praiſes.
Then calls for wine, and ſtill ſweetens the ſame,
With bleſt, with faire, with chaſt *Honoras* name.
Thus firſt he rais'd my heavie leaden braines,
Next wilde fire throwes into my frozen veins,
And ſtill as he perceiv'd my heart to ſink
He rous'd it with your praiſes, clad with drink:
Thus he the cunning *Gipſie Madam* acted,
Till with your fair fames love I grew diſtracted.
On him then beſt of Ladies lay all crimes,
That can be found in theſe my frantick rimes.
I need not name him Madam guilt alone
In time will make himſelf make known;
For if you marke him like a polliticion,
The better to avaid ſharp-ey'd ſuſpition,
This man will be the firſt that will appear
To ſpeak my praiſes in your honours ear.
Which if he doe, heaven pardon that offence,
Since I to merit plead my innocence.
My accuſations done and now againe,
Me thinks a certain tickling in my brain
Makes me break looſe, new ſpirits do poſſeſs me,
And to the Court again I muſt addreſs me.
O beſt of Ladies, do not ſcorne to grace
My humble Muſe in her wits wild gooſe chaſe.

To the truly honourable the Lord Paulet *Marqueſs*
Wincheſter.

My noble Lord.

OFt have I bleſt that night, that hour in whic
You two one pair of ſheets joy'd to enrich.
As then you marſhal'd were great Lord, by tho
Your Virgin Bride that nuptiall night had choſe
Thoſe Ceremonies to prepare, ſo now,
The ſelfe ſame Herauldries proud to allow
Your faire Bride, firſt with her chaſt limbs to ble
Thoſe ſheets, which witnes'd that great happine
Your chaſt wife now, moſt honoured Lord, as th
In your Bed, now I marſhall with my pen.
Can your beſt wiſhes noble Lord aſpire,
To greater happineſs then to ly by her:
Had *Phaeton* ſeen her in his height of pride,
Bluſhing to ſee a man ly by her ſide,
Ambition had his blood to Ivory turn'd,
And by the ſun his wings had ne'er been burn'd.
Noe he had ſhun'd thoſe flames that melt the ski
And ſing'd his feathers in her brighter eyes.
If then high heaven can add to what you hav
Let it be done, ſo prayes your unknowne ſlav

To the ſame noble Lord again.

WIthin a Savage Rock there once did grow
As fair a diamond as the world could ſhow,
This rich rocks head, though many lords did crave
Set it in gold, and to your Lordſhip gave it. (it,
And happily for ſome few years you wore it,
Till ſullen nature forc't you to reſtore it;
For 'twas her maſter piece and ſhe reſolv'd
To keepe it by her till the world diſſolv'd.
One only ſpark Heav'n caus'd her leave behinde,
That ſtill that Iewell might be kept in minde.
You that had found, how nature ever locks
Her chiefe Treaſure either in hills or rocks,
Knew well the waie your loſſes to recover,
For had you ſearch't the ſpatious world all over,
To Summer hill att laſt you muſt repair,
To finde a Iewell full as rich and faire
As was that diamond, you reſtor'd to nature,
You once againe are rich in ſuch a creature,
As all mankinde how rich ſo 'e're they be
In her may envie your felicity.
Live envi'd ever noble Lord, till Fate
The earths whole Fabricke ſhake, and ruinate.
So heartily and humbly prayes each one (known.
To whome bold ſpeaking fame hath made you

To the far fam'd Lady, and Miſtres of untainted vertue, the truly and nobly noble Ladie Dorathy Sherly *honoured by being Siſter to the moſt deſervedly honourable Earl of Eſſex.*

Madam,

NOe matter though you know me not, I truſt
To common Fame, ſhe ſpeaks you nobly juſt;
Shee doth proclaim your honour ſuch a prize,
As men would ſee't, though to their loſs of eyes.
You love the beſt *Honora*, that aproves
What wiſe men ſay, goodneſs ſtill goodneſs loves:
You are her Siſter, and your pureſt blood (good,
Sprung from one fountain, that concludes you
Be conſtant to that googneſs, let nought awe you
Millions there are that love you, who ne'er ſaw
Amongſt thoſe many let me boldly ſay, (you.
Madam, I honour you a noble way,
And love you as I love thoſe unſeen faces
That on the throne of glory take their places
And though you know me not, ſcorne not to ſit
To read, then write me what you pleaſe but Para-
Let me but in your books fair Saint be found (ſit,
And I with joy and honour then am crown'd.

To

A Satyr.

Upon a miraculous Marriage, made between a Brave Young Viſcount, *and an unworthy Old* Viſcounts *Widow.*

Did thy ſtrong potions then old rotten Punk,
So work on *Hymen* as to make him drunk?
Whence comes that drug, what Fiend, what Fate
Perfum'd his brain ſo to inebriate?
For doubtleſs had that God but ſober been,
He ne'er had matcht ſuch vertue to ſuch ſin.
Or did ſhe pawn her ſoul to ſome old Witch,
To get a Lord to cure her hot ſalt Itch?
They muſt be Bawds and Sorcerers, that had
A hand in ſuch a Crime, ſo foul, ſo bad;
For ſure thy painted Face, thy ſugred words
Could not betray him to thy tub of turds:
Nor was it out of hope to finde a Mine
Within that Dunghill, that foul ſink of thine;
For but to mix Mans ſeed with that thy ordure
Were worſe then Sodomy, much worſe then mur-
What can I call thy common hackney womb, (der.
But an old beaſtly painted, new ſton'd Tombe?
Barren as is a Grave, leprous within
As *Judas* ſoul, ſo foul, ſo full of ſin.
So that in my opinion he deſtroyes
Nature it ſelf, that digs for Girls or Boyes

Out of what mud O Lord, what charms what ſpell?
What ſtrange Inchantments did ſhe get from Hell?
That caus'd thee lay thy youth, thy blood at ſtakes
In Pledge againſt a Bog, a ſink a Jakes?
Whoſe throat is like a Tunnel to a vault,
Nor are her rotten Lungs alone in fault;
For from her foul corrupted Brain their flowes
A deadly poiſon through her pocky Noſe:
Such as the Night-mans Cart, or common Sewer
Yields none ſo loathſome, nothing ſo impure.
Each Bone ſhe hath is like an Aſſes hoof,
So us'd to poyſon, it is poiſon proof:
And if ſhe have a Tooth that juſtly may
Be call'd her own, I dare be bold to ſay,
That Tooth ſhall coſt her Lord each day a peece
In Storax, Civet, and in Ambergreece;
Beſides the Ulcers in her rotten Gums,
Not to be qualifi'd with beſt perfumes:
Yet with this charge, though great it will appear,
That Mouth holds ſomething, nothing can make
For if ſhe finde that ſcoulding may prevail, (cleer;
Her tongue ſoon turns as Monſtrous as her Tail:
And if ſome difference be, this this the worſe is,
Her Tail but monethly ſhall produce foul courſes,
But that her mouth each minute ſhall afford
Baſe Excrements, that ſhall out ſtink a Turd.
I have digreſt brave Lord, but more will come
To my promis'd Epithalamium,
My hearty wiſhes to your nuptial Bed,

And

And wiſh that to your Bride they might be read.
May all thoſe ſheets wherein you two ſhall lye
Prove Barren as are thoſe in which men dye.
And may your Lordſhip want the power to turne
To quench her flames of Luſt, but let them burne,
Till they conſume the neſt where they were bred;
Yet ſtill a jealous eye caſt towards her bed,
Leſt her adulterous thoughts to action grow,
And make you harveſt ſeed you did not ſowe.
A griſly beaſt, ſuch as all others ſcorn'd,
A thing with Goatiſh beard, a head well horn'd
Your luſtful Bride found out, and him maintain'd
To do that drudgery a Groom diſdain'd.
Be careful then, be vigilant and wiſe,
He that hath ſuch a Wife needs many eyes.
An old, cunning, well experienc't whore
Will through the key hole of a double door
Let in Adultries. Still I do digreſſe,
An Epithalamium I do ceaſe.
This Satyr ſhould have been, but my Muſe ranges,
And like your Lordſhips Bride is full of changes.
Yet do I not tranſgreſs 'gainſt all the Laws
Of an Epithalamium, becauſe
Your Lordſhip ſhall in time diſcover this,
My Muſe unto the Bridegroom wiſhes bliſs.
O may you Sir, and quickly too, invite
This Pen, your lewd Brides Epitaph to write.
Mean while ſo long as ſhe on earth hath dwelling,
So long I wiſh you looſe the uſe of ſmelling.

May

May your desires in their conceptions dye,
Such as shall tend to Love or Lechery,
That you may treasure up a stock so great,
As when you vent it, may allay the heat
Of seventeen yeers, in her that Heav'n shall please
To send you in the place of this disease.
Till when, let sleep and pleasing dreams betray
The sullen night unto the chearful day,
And early bring the Sun, to let you see
Her Morning ugly, foul deformity;
And then with sad relenting may you rise, (eyes,
And from that monster thenceforth blesse your
May you be deaf unto her cunning Charms,
And when she throwes her self into your Arms,
May then the nimble sense of feeling leave you,
Lest with her false imbraces she deceive you.
And lastly, may you still distrust those things
She to your touching, smelling, seeing brings.
May all your senses disaffected be
Till from that hidious Monster you get free.

Upon a Coller and Garter imprisoned in a Brokers Box.

O Men of might, what have you now to brag on,
Shall I believe your *George* e're kild a dragon?
When in six Months he cannot break the Lock
Of an usurious Brokers little Box.
When thus I find him lodg'd in *Long-Lane* quarter,

And

And by his ſide a Coller and a Garter,
As two moſt faithful *Squiers* waiting on,
For the bleſt day of ſweet Redemption,
Shall I believe that he a Saint can be?
No, your vain boaſting ne'er ſhall couzen me;
For if an Almanack I buy this year,
And finde it writ with a red Letter there,
I'll blot it out, and over-write the ſame
In blackeſt Ink, the ſilly Brokers name.
For if your *George* ſo great a name muſt have,
Then much more he that keeps your *George* his (ſlave.

Another upon the ſame ſubject.

INto a Broakers ſhop once being call'd,
I found a Knight o'th' Garter there inſtall'd:
But when the ſad relation I had hear'd,
I then concluded 'twas a Knight interr'd.
The Brokers Bulk I thought the Altar ſtone,
Becauſe his Robes and Order lay thereon,
The Shop a Temple I conceiv'd to be,
The Broker ſome poor Prieſt appear'd to me.
It griev'd me much, that ſo a Knight ſhould ly
Without an Epitaph or Elogie,
I call'd for Pen, and without fear or wit
Unto his Memory theſe lines I writ.

Upon the ſame again.

YOu laugh at Catholikes, and them deride
Becauſe they honour thoſe are ſanctified.

Why

Why to Idolatry are you then drawn
By a poore thing that ſubject is to pawn.
If you will Idolize your *George*, advance
A fitting penſion for his maintainance,
Let him not beg, let not his Knights deſcend
Soe loe, as ask a Broker what hee'l lend
Upon his Idoll, leſt there come complaints (ſaints;
Againſt the Church, that ſhould maintaine thoſe
For who ſo ſees your George in pawn beleives,
Like *Baals* prieſts, his prieſts do play the thieves.
The Prellat of the Garter, they'l be bold
To ſay in private, eats up all the gold
That is in publique offered to your ſaint;
Beſides the knights of Windſor make complaint,
And in deriſion and great ſcorne doe ſay,
Some of your knights are near as poor as they:
And that its fear'd that they will have the faces
Ere long to beg the *Windſors* poor knights places.
Which to prevent let each rich knight give a little
And for your wretched knights, build up a ſpittle.

A Sonnet upon the ſame ſubject.

ROom for unthrifts here comes a Company,
Room for ſpendthrifts S^t. George is at hand,
With his Idolators,
Dect up in coſtly furs,
And their rich Colours,
That lately were pawn'd.
Bald pates and periwigs,
High plumes and toſſing Sprigs,
See how they daunce their Iygs,
Thorough the Strand. Room

Room for Raſcalls here comes a company,
Uſhers and Marſhalls look well to your doors,
Taylors and Sempſters,
With Silkemen and Mercers,
And Goldſmiths and cutlers,
Approach with their ſtoares:
And ſee who comes after,
Made fit for the ſlaughter,
A wife and her daughter
For the Chavaliers Whoors.

Room for Beggers here comes a company,
Old Retayners to this upſtart crew;
That many years ſerved,
And well have deſerved,
But now may be ſtarved,
For ought their Lords doe.
For ſome Lady mother,
Or ſome Baſterd brother
Some Pander or other
To black turn'd their blew.

Old King *Henry* bleſt by thy Memory,
Lord how we vary ſince thy golden dayes!
Thy Knights of the Order,
Like Knights to Prince *Arthur*,
Did ſearch out each quarter,
For Honour and praiſe:
But now they adventure
A Tavern to enter,
And ſit in the Center
Of common ſtage Playes.

6

Room for Bowlers, here comes a company.
Room for Iockyes, the Lords do appear;
Let Ordinary Eaters,
And old Ieſt repeaters,
With Banckers and Cheaters,
Make all places cleare.
Heers Blew and Carnation,
The Colours in faſhion,
In ſpite of damnation
Shall ſweare and forſweare.

To a Ladies Chambermaid.

YOu are your Ladies Cabinet and may
At midnight let in ſharp Ey'd waking day,
And bring thoſe bluſhing acts of ours to light,
That being ſeen ſhew blacker then the night.
A Chambermaide doth ſerve in theſe two places,
Sometimes a watch, Sometimes ſhe a Iewell caſe is:
One while a Watch to ſee none gaze upon her,
And then a Caſe wherein ſhe locks her honour.
O gentle Watch in thy moſt noble Caſe
Know you a Iewell keep, then be not baſe.

An Atheiſt, a Poet, and a Puritan.

ATheiſts, Poets, and Puritanes are at odds
About their none, their one, their many Gods.

The

The Atheiſt is at liberty, and he
Dreams not of Unity or Trinity.
The Poets ſpeak of many Gods 'tis true,
But honour none at all, or very few.
The Puritan his onely God doth ty
As he were Jealous of the Trinity.
A Partner with his God he will not have,
See heer's a Foole, a Devill, and a Knave.
To reconcile theſe three and make them one,
Is but to hang them all and make them none.

A Papiſt, a Proteſtant, and a Puritan.

THe Papiſts do believe more then they ſee,
And guided are by faith.
The Proteſtant ſtands out, and will not be
Removed from his own path.
The ſtiffneckt Puritans are ſo uncivil,
Rather then follow them, they'll run to the Devil.

A peſtilent profeſt Puritan.

I Do believe that this accurſed ſect
Is much more antient then men do ſuſpect.
The Iewes, when Chriſt, was crucifi'd I finde,
In that dam'd act, were variouſly inclin'd.
Some pearc't his ſide, others his name deride,
Another Crew his garments did divide.
And theſe were Puritans, I'l lay my life,

Whoſe

Whose seed since then have ever been at strife
With Surplices, with Rochets, and with Coaps,
Hating to hear of figures or of Tropes.
Reall presence, and what's good by thems abated,
With brainsick Zeale more then the devill it's hated.
Go on mad beasts put on our saviours Coats (ted.
But his bright Eyes will know his sheep from goats.

An ignorant obstinate Browneſt.

THat wicked Oath of kings Supremacies,
Saith hee's a trap to catch poor simple flyes;
For how can knowing men be so mislead,
As to believe our saviour had a head
For many Provinces, believing thus,
We must make Iesus Christ most monsterous.
Then how, great Monsters, silly beasts are you?
Makes him your Churches head that mends your shoe,
A Cobler, or a Roague of meanest trade,
In your no Church the Churches head is made.
See then at Banbery, and in black Friers
Christ hath a head, but doubtless you are Lyers
The Catholiques with Puritans averr,
Ther's but one Church, one head, so then you err.
But you defie them both so do they you,
Goe on mad Beasts, Let the devill take his dew.

A Ladies Roſes that ever lookt ruſty.

CArnation Roſes on her feet ſtill wither,
And being put on freſh i'th' Morn, ere Noon
They blaſted are, do but the cauſe conſider,
And then I know you'l leave to wonder ſoon.
Lucinas Roſes, it is too well known,
Do grow within a yard o'th' burning Zone.

Upon a Ladies Roſes that were always freſh.

FLorellas Roſes on her freſh ſtill grow,
And in the hotteſt dayes do flouriſh moſt,
Hearken to Me if you the cauſe would know,
Luna hangs ever dropping o're the coaſt.
Then know thoſe Roſes cannot wither ſoon,
That are ſo far from th' Sun, ſo neer the Moon.

The Fidlers that were committed for ſinging a Song called, The clean contrary way.

THe Fidlers muſt be whipt the people ſay,
Becauſe they ſung the clean contrary way;
Which if they be, a Crown I dare to lay,
They then will ſing the clean contrary way.
And he that did thoſe merry Knaves betray,
Wiſe men will praiſe, the clean contrary way:

For whipping them no envy can allay,
Unleſſe it be the clean contrary way.
Then if they went the Peoples tongues to ſtay,
Doubtleſs they went the clean contrary way.

A Lady walking with the Author in her Garden, pluckt a ſprig of Bayes, and put it in his Hat to wear as her Favour.

YOu gave me Laurel Madam, which ſome call (Bayes
I gave you but your right, when I gave you
Why then with injury do you requite me? (praiſe
Which being true, doubtles you ought to right me
Laurel belongs to Conquerours, but I
Your Captive am, and at your mercy lye.
Poets are crown'd with Bayes, and ſuch alone
Whoſe Muſes higher ſoar then *Phaeton*.
My humble rimes flow from an abject Herd,
And cannot Laurel merit for reward: (crown'd
The honoured Browes that are with ſuch wreath
Dread neither lightning nor loud thunders ſound
Then left your favours down to th' Earth ſhould
(caſt me
Or your bright eyes lightning thus ſhould blaſt me
I'll crown that Laurel with which you now crown
With a chaſt kiſſe, as your choice Deputie. (me

The Author intending to write upon the Duke *of* Buckingham, *when he went to fetch the Queen, prepared a new Ballad for the Fidlers, as might hold them to ſing between* Dover *and* Callice.

1.

NOw liſt you Lordings, and attend
Unto a Ballad newly pend,
I took it up in *Kent*;
And if you ask who made the ſame,
The Author wiſh'd me ſay, his Name
Was honeſt *Jack* of *Lent*.

2.

But ere I further paſs along,
Or let you hear more of my *Song*,
I wiſh the doors were lockt;
For if there be ſo baſe a Groom
As an informer in the room,
Your Fidlers may be knockt.

3.

For is it rare to finde a Knave
Amongſt a company ſo brave,
For Knaves are gallant things:
And they of late are grown ſo bold,
They dare appear in cloth of Gold,
Even in the preſence of Kings.

4

But hit or miſs I muſt declare
The ſpeech at *London*, and elſewhere,
Concerning this deſigne.
Amongſt the Drunkards it is ſaid,
They hear her Dowry ſhall be paid
In nought but Claret wine.

5.

The Country Clowns when they repair
Either to Market, or to Fair,
No ſooner get their pots,
But ſtraight they ſwear the time is come
That *England* muſt be overrun
Between the *French* and *Scots*.

6.

A holy Siſter having hemd,
And blown her noſe will ſwear ſhe dreamd,
Or elſe the Spirit tould her,
That they and all their holy ſeed
To *Amſterdam* muſt go and breed,
Ere they were twelve moneths older.

7.

And might but *Jack* of *Lent* adviſe,
Thoſe dreams of hers ſhould not prove lyes,
For as he greatly fears,
They will be prating night and day,
Till verily by Yea and Nay
They ſets together by th' Ears.

8.

The Reverend Biſhops whiſper too,
That now they ſhall have much to do
With Fryers and with Monks.
And eke their Wives do greatly fear
Thoſe learned men will mak't appear
They are canonical Puncks.

9.

At *Cambridge* and at *Oxford* eke,
They of this Match like Scholars ſpeak
By Figures and by Tropes.
And as for the Supremacie,
The Body may King *Charls* his be,
But ſure the Heads the Popes.

10.

The learned in Aſtrologie
That wander up and down the Sky,
And there diſcourſe with Stars,
Foreſee that ſome of this brave rout
That now goes ſound and bravely out,
Shall back return with Scars.

11.

The civil Lawyer laughs in his ſleeve,
For he doth verily beleeve,
That after all theſe ſports,
The Citizens will horn mad grow,
And their ill gotten gold will throw
About their Bawdy Courts.

12

Such as in Muſick ſpend their dayes,
And ſtudy ſongs and roundelayes,
Begin to chear their throats;
For by ſome ſighes they do preſage,
That this will prove a fiddling age,
Fitt for men of their coates.

13

Next ſuch as doe *Apollo* court,
And with the wanton Muſes ſport,
Proclaim the time is come,
That Gallants ſhall themſelves addreſs
To Masks, and playes, and wantonneſs,
More then to Fife or Drum.

14

But leaving Colledges and Schools,
Unto thoſe Clerks and learned Fools,
Let's through the Citty Range;
For there are Sconces made of horne,
Foreſaw things long ere they were borne,
Which may be thought moſt ſtrange.

15

The Major and Aldermen being met,
And at a Cuſtard cloſely ſet,
Each in his ranck and Order,
The Major a queſtion doth propound,
And that unanſwer'd did go round,
Till't came to the Recorder.

For

16

For hee's the Citties Oracle,
And which you'll think a miracle,
He hath their brains in keeping;
For when a cauſe ſhould be decreed,
He cryes the bench are all agreed,
When moſt of them are ſleeping.

17

A Shrieve at lower end o'th 'board,
Cryes reverend ſirs, heare me a word,
A bolt Ile onely ſhoot,
We ſhall have executions ſtore
Againſt ſome gallants now gone o're,
Wherefore good brother look too't.

18

The raſcall Sarjeants flearing ſtand,
Wiſhing their Charter reach the Strand,
That they might there intrude:
But ſince they are not yet content,
I wiſh that it to Tiburn went,
So they might there conclude.

19

An Alderman both grave and wiſe,
Cryes bretheren all let me adviſe,
Whilſt wit is to be had,
That we ſome ſpeeches may provide
To entertaine the Lady Bride,
Before all men run mad.

20

For by my faith, if men may gueſs
Of greater matters by the leſs,
I pray let this ſuffice,
If we do on mens backs but look,
And then ſurvay each trades mans book,
You'll ſwear few men are wiſe.

21

Some thrid bare Poet let us preſs,
And for that day we will him dreſs,
At leaſt in beaten ſattin;
And he ſhall tell her from this Bench,
That though we underſtand no French,
At *Pauls* ſhe ſhall hear Latin.

22

His Lordſhip all this while demurs,
And counſell takes of his grave furs,
That ſtunck of Fox or Cunny;
And then he ſwels with high diſdain,
Swearing the City in his reigne
Shall buy no wit with money.

23

For by this Sack I mean to drink;
I would not have my Soveraigne think,
For twenty thouſand crowns,
That I his Lord Lievetenant here,
And you my Bretheren ſhould appear,
Such arrant witleſs Clowns.

24

No no I have it in my head,
Various conceits ſhall ſtrike it dead,
And make proud *Paris* ſay,
That little *London* hath a Major,
Can entertain their Lady fair,
As well as ere did they.

25

Saint *Georges* Church ſhall be the place,
Where firſt I mean to meet her grace,
And there Saint *George* ſhall be
Mounted upon a dapple gray,
And gaping he ſhall ſeem to ſay,
Welcome Saint *Denis* to me.

26

From thence wee'll march by two and two
As we to Newgate uſe to do,
And to the Bridge convey her,
Where on the top of that old gate,
On which ſtands many a Raſcals pate,
I mean to place a Player.

27

And he unto her grace ſhall cry,
Vouchſafe to caſt up one bright Eye,
To view theſe heads of Trayters.
Know thus we mean to uſe all thoſe,
That to your highneſs ſhall prove foes,
For we to knaves are haters.

28

Down Fiſhſtreet hill a whale ſhall ſhoot,
And meet her at the Bridges foot,
Out from her mouth ſo wide a
Shall *Jonas* peep and ſay, for fiſh,
As good as her dear heart can wiſh
She ſhall have hence each Fryday.

29

At *Grace* Church corner there ſhall ſtand
A troop of Graces hand in hand,
And they to her ſhall ſay
Your Grace of France is welcome hither,
'Tis merry when graces meet together,
Pray keep on your way.

30

At the Exchange ſhall placed be.
In ugly ſhapes thoſe Siſters three,
That gives to each his fate:
The Spaniſh *Infanta* ſhall ſtand by,
Wringing her hands ſhe loud ſhall cry,
I doe repent to late.

31

There we a payr of gloves will give,
And pray her highneſs long may live,
On her white hands to were them;
For though they have a Spaniſh ſent,
The givers have no ill intent,
Wherefore ſhe need not fear them.

About

32

About the Standerd I think fit,
Your Wives my bretheren all ſhall ſit,
And eke my Lady Maioreſs
They ſhall preſent a Cup of Gold,
Saying if they may be ſo bold,
They'll drink to all at *Paris*.

33

Nor ſhall the Cundit now run Clarret
Perhaps the *French* now care not for it,
They have at home ſo much;
No I will have that boy to piſs,
No worſe then pureſt Ipocriſs,
Her Grace ne'er taſted ſuch.

34

In *Pauls* Church yard we breath may take
For they ſuch tedious ſpeeches make,
Will tyre any horſe;
And there I'le put her Grace in minde,
To caſt her princely Eye behinde,
And view Saint *Pauls* old Croſs.

35

Our Sarjaents there ſhall go their waie,
And for us at the devill ſtay,
I mean at Temple Bar;
There we of her our leaves will take,
And ſwear 'twas for king *Charls* his ſake
We came with her ſo far.

Thus

36.

Thus fearing I have tyr'd the Ears
Both of the Duke and all theſe Peers,
I'll be no more uncivil;
But leave the Major and both the Shrieves,
With Sarjeants hanging on their ſleeves.
For this time at the Devil.

A Song.

OF *Cupid* nor *Hymen* we bring you no Song,
With many good Morrows, and God give you joyes
But of a young virgin that wanted a tongue,
Yet had wherewithall to get Girls and Boyes.
A Batchelour that had told threeſcore and three,
To her for her ſilence a Sutour would be.

He wood her, and won her, and married they were,
He had his fair choice a whole kingdom among,
But ere he found meaſs to get him an Heir
She found cockahoop the full uſe of her tongue.
But for his amends, in ſhort time it was known,
She brought him an Heir that was none of his own.

A

A Song in praiſe of Sack.

NOw *Bacchus* aſſiſt me with ſtrength of thy ſpirit
To give unto Sack the full meed of his merit,
Whilſt all other wine ſubjected ſtand by
To crown thee their King of Majeſty by.
O Sack, O Catholick Sack!

Old Malmſey and Muſcadell ſhall have high place,
To wait by thy ſides in Epiſcopal grace;
Stout Alegant ſhall thy Nobility be,
Brisk Claret and White ſhall be thy Gentry.
O Sack, majeſtical Sack!

Milde Rheniſh & Backrag are Handmaids to thee,
And white and brown Baſtard thy pages ſhall be:
Thus grac't and attended in ſtate thou doſt ſit,
Diſpenſing thy vertues of valour and wit.
O Sack, munificent Sack!

Thou art the brave Souldiers *Bellona* and *Mars*,
The Scholars *ſcribendi ac loquendi qrs*,
Thou mak'ſt a blinde Begger at Midnight to ſee,
As well as a Poet can write without thee.
O Sack miraculous Sack!

Thou canſt the beſt Courtiours beſt complements mend,
And wit into Citizens heads thou canſt ſend.
'Twas

'Twas thou mad'ſt a Goldſmith to alter his coppy,
From making gold horſhoos to keep a Sack ſhoppy.
O Sack, miraculous Sack!

Thou every brain for employment doſt fit,
Thou mak'ſt a dull Juſtice a worſhipful wit.
Thou mak'ſt the Scholar ſpeak more then his ſhare,
Embroidering his brains when his clothes are bare.
O Sack, Philoſophical Sack!

A Song.

WIll you hear a true relation
Of a Damſel, and her Lover?
She the niceſt of a nation
He thought nothing dear to move her;
Coſtly things, Jewels, Rings,
He beſtowed in plenty on her;
But her diſdain increaſt his pain
Until he cry'd a Pox upon her.

Cupid heard his bitter Curſe,
And to puniſh his fond errour,
Caus'd her to purchaſe with his purſe
That ill which is a Lovers terrour.
The unhappy maid was ſhortly paid
For her love with loſſe of Honour,
By a French Squire whom ſhe did hire,
Who left her with the Pox upon her.

To her firſt Lover then ſhe yields,
Who to curſe her had forgotten,
And thought him in the Eliſian fields,
When he was in fleſh half rotten,
Till aking bones, and waking groans
Made him wiſh he had forgone her,
While ſtill ſhe ſwears, the faults not hers
But his that wiſht, a Pox upon her.

A Song.

LEt Souldiers fight for prey or praiſe,
And money be the Miſers wiſh,
Poor Scholars ſtudy all their dayes,
And Gluttons glory in their diſh,
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives ſad ſouls,
Therefore give us the cheering Bowls.

Let Minions marſhall every hair,
And in a Lovers Lock delight,
And artificial Colours wear,
We have the Native red and white.
Tis wine, &c.

Take Pheaſant, Pout, and calver'd Sammon,
Or how to pleaſe your Pallats think,
Give us the ſalt *Weſtphalia* Gammon,
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink.
'Tis wine, &c.

The

The backward ſpirit it makes brave,
That lively which before was dull,
They prove good fellows which were grave,
And kindneſſe flowes from Cups brimfull.
'Tis wine,&c.

Some have the Tiſick, ſome the Rheume
Some have the Palſey, ſome the Gout,
Some ſwell with fat, and ſome conſume,
But they are ſound that drink all out.
'Tis wine,&c.

Some men want Youth, and ſome want wealth,
Some want a Wife and ſome a Punk,
Some men want wit, and ſome want wealth,
But they want nothing that are drunk.
'Tis wine,&c.

A Song.

WHen I ſeek to enjoy the fruits of my pain,
She careleſs denies me with endleſs diſdain,
Yet ſo much I love her,
As nothing can either remove me, or move her.
Alaſs why contend I, why ſtrive I in vain
Thin water to mingle
With Oyl that is Aery and loves to be ſingle.

'Tis

'Tis not Love but Fate, whose doom I abide,
Ye Hours and you Planets, who Destiny guide,
Change your Opposition:
It fits Heav'nly Powers to be milde of condition,
You only can alter her scorn and her Pride
Who me now disdaineth: (eth.
For women willyield when the right Planet reign-

A Sonnet.

LOve, be as froward as thou wilt,
I ask no Mercy for my guilt;
Though I confess I have deny'd
Thy Laws of Cruelty and Pride.
Lay on thy Punishments, I fear
Thee least when most I bear.
Spend all thy shafts at me, and cry
To Mother for a new supply:
Thy Bowstrings break, let her repair
Them up again with her own Hair,
And give a fresh charge on me. I
Can neither beg relief nor fly.
Yet to the hazard of thy Crown,
If I should perish by thy frown,
Where I a perfect Rebell fall,
The world shall me a Martyr call.
And (I hope) in revenge of me
Abolish quite thy Laws and thee,

On Loves blindeneſs.

WHat is the reaſon Love is blinde?
Becauſe for Love no cauſe we finde
But here and there, and this and that
We doat on, for I know not what,
Luſt does ſomewhat rampart prove,
And ſtraight is chriſtned into Love,
So that though beaſts we are in ſhame,
We muſt be Lovers all in name.

2.

The black we ſee do fair admire,
And fair there be that black deſire.
A ſort there is affects the crump,
And all alike, but for the rump,
Love being now a Drunkard grown,
And can a *Madam* hug in *Joan*:
Tell me then, muſt not Love be blinde,
When Women lov'd are for their kinde.

3.

We men an Idoll Beauty make,
And do adore 't for Fancies ſake;
Our thoughts create the handſom creature,
And our tongues commend the Feature:
Or elſe, the Breech firſt warms deſire,
And then the face maintains the fire:
Does not then *Cupids* eye-ſight fail,
That for the Heart does wound the Tayl.

For

4.

For what ſhould Love have *Eyes* to ſee,
When all his ſports in Darkneſſe be;
But little is his uſe of *Light*
Whoſe only work is done at night,
In that alone Loves pleaſure lyes,
That for the hand is made not eyes:
Where let me lye and let me be,
Blinde Boy, as dark and blinde as thee.

An Elogie on the Death of Love.

I Never yet wrote Love-lines: Now a few
Upon the Death of Love, me thinks, are due
From every Pen. And moſt unskilfull I
That would be doing want Ability.
No Muſe can I invoke unto my aid,
They are all dumb, or ſuddenly afraid
To touch this Subject. They'll not have it read
In Crimſon Characters that Love is dead.
No Muſe? What then? Turne over Hiſtorie,
Or ſearch the Poets; Try if they can be
Aſſiſtant by example: Learn to move
In their high ſtrains. *Ovid* wrote much of Love,
But not his Death. His Art of Love was light,
And in the Elogies that he did write
He could not frame perfection of that *Ruth*,
Which here is laid before us in a Truth.

Nor had *Euripides* in all his pack
A Theam ſo Tragick, or a Scean ſo black
As is the Death of Love. *Stay.* Speak no more,
Nor ſtudy for expreſſions to deplore
The loſſe of him. The ſenſe of theſe two words
Love's dead enough of Argument affords
To melt dry eyes to Tears; and hearts of ſtones
To moulder into Sand by ceaſeleſs grones.
While I was writing this (to Earths great wonder)
The Heavens thick ſhowres did weep, and rore in (thunder.

A Song.

GIve me a Preacher
Whoſe Life is a Teacher,
Whoſe Sentences ſuit with his Actions;
Who rayls not at Rochets,
Nor preacheth odd Crochets,
Nor troubleth the Church with new Factions.

No Scoffer, no Squibber,
No Ale or Wine Bibber,
No wrangler for Tith-Pigs, or Geeſe:
But Truth teacheth plain,
And good houſe maintain,
And loves more the flock then the fleece.

On

On the Duke of Buckinghams *Death.*

An Elogie.

YEt were Bidentals ſacred, and the place
Strucken with thunder, was by ſpecial grace
Nere after trampled over; if this blow
That ſtruck me in my height, and brought me low,
Came from the hand of Heaven, let it ſuffice
That God requir'd no other ſacrifice.
Why do you bruſe a Reed? as if your rod
Could wound me deeper then the hand of God.
Why do you judge me ere the judgement day?
As if your verdict could Gods judgements ſway.
Why are you not contented with my blood?
For hate of me, why make you Murder good?
He that commends the fact, does it again,
And is the greater Murtherer of the twain.
Oh high-reveal'd malice, that canſt draw
Heaven out of Hell, check Gods proper Law,
Nadab and *Abihu*, that thus accord,
To offer your ſtrange fire before the Lord.
Take heed 'twill burn you, 'tis a dangerous thing,
He that doth bleſſe a Murtherer kills a King.
I now have paſt your pikes, and ſeen my Fate,
My Princes favour, and the peoples hate.
Strange blear-ey'd Hatred, whoſe repining ſight
Feeds all on darkneſſe and doth hate the Light

Shews any goodneſſe in me, was I all
Marra corrupta, and ſtigmaticall?
Was I all ill? Yet thoſe that ript me found
Some of my vitalls good; ſome inward ſound.
I had a Heart ſcorn'd danger, and a Brain
Beating for Honour, life in every vein:
Nor was my Liver tainted, but made Blood,
That might have ſerv'd to do my Country good,
Had you not let it out: nor was my Minde
So fixt on getting as to make me blinde,
And to forget mine Honour, and my friend,
Witneſs thoſe now, who need no more depend.
And thoſe whoſe merits, I have made, and rays'd,
Will finde out ſomthing more, that may be prais'd.
All do not mourn in jeſt; ther's ſome one Eye
Shed tears in earneſt when it ſaw me dye.
And whatſoere thoſe Remonſtrants make,
I never loſt my ſelf but for their ſake.
That, God forgive them, for the reſt Ile ſay,
I lov'd the King, and Realm, as well as they.

EITAPH.

READer ſtand ſtill, and look, lo here I am,
That was of late the Mighty *Buckingham*.
God gave to me my being, and my breath,
Two Kings their favour, and a Slave my death.
And for my fame I claim, and do not crave
That thou beleev'ſt two Kings, before a Slave.

An exortation for the battering down of thoſe vanities of the Gentiles which are comprehended in a May pole *written by a Zealous brother from* Black-fryers.

THe nighty Zeal which thou haſt new put on,
Neither by Prophet nor by Prophets ſon,
As yet prevented doth tranſport me ſo
Beyond my ſelf, that though I ne'r could go
Farr in a verſe, and all rimes have defy'd
Since *Hopkins* and good *Thomas Sternhold* dy'd
Except it were the little pains I tooke,
To pleaſe good people in ſome praier booke
That I've ſet forth or ſo; yet muſt I raiſe
My ſpirit for thee, who ſhall in thy praiſe!
Gird up her loynes, and furiouſly run
All kind of feet, but Satans cloven one.
Such is thy Zeale, ſo well doſt thou expreſs it,
And wer't not like a charme I'de ſay, *Chriſt* bleſs it.
I needs muſt ſay 'tis a ſpirituall thing
To raile againſt the *Biſhop* or the *King*.
Nor are they mean adventures we have bin in
About the wearing of the Churches linnen:
But theſe were private quarrells, this doth fall
Within the compaſs of the generall.
Whether it be a Pole painted and wrought
Farr otherwiſe then from the wood 'tis brought,
Whoſe head the Idolmakers hand doth crop,

Where a lewd bird towring upon the top
Looks like the calf at *Horeb*: at whoſe root
The unyoakt youth doth exerciſe his foot.
Or whether it reſerves its boughs, befriended
By neighbouring buſhes, and by them attended
How canſt thou chuſe, but ſeeing it complain,
That *Baal's* worſhip'd in the groves again.
Tell me how curſt an egging, with a ſting
Of luſt do theſe unwieldy dances bring.
The ſimple wretches ſay they mean no harme,
They do not ſurely, but theſe actions warm
Our purer blouds the more; for Satan thus
Tempts us the more that are more righteous.
Oft hath a brother moſt ſincerely gone
Stifled in prayer, and contemplation.
When lighting on the place where ſuch repair
He views the *Nymphs*, and is clean out in's prayer.
Oft hath a ſiſter grounded in our truth,
Seeing the jolly carriages of the youth.
Been tempted to the way that's broad and bad,
And wer't not for our private pleaſure, had
Renounc'd her little ruff and goggle eye,
And quit her ſelf of the Fraternity,
What is the mirth, what is the melody
That ſets them in this Gentiles vanity?
When in our Synagogues we raile at ſin,
And tell men of their faults which they are in,
With hand and voyce ſo following our theams
That we put out the Sides men in their dreams,

Sounds

Soundes not the pulpit which we then belabour
Better and hollower then doth a tabor?
Yet ſuch is unregenerate mans folly,
They love the wicked noiſe, and hate the holy.
Routs and wilde pleaſure do invite temptation,
And this is dangerous for our damnation.
We muſt not move our ſelves, but if we are mov'd
Man is but man: and therefore thoſe that lov'd
Still to ſeem good, would evermore diſpence
With their own faults, ſo they gave no offence.
If the times ſweet enticing, and the bloud
That now begin's to boyl, have thought it good
To challinge liberty and recreation,
Let it be done in holy contemplation.
Brothers and ſiſters in the fields may walk
Beginnings of the holy word to talk,
Of *David* and *Uriah*, lovely wife,
Of *Tamar* and her luſtfull brothers ſtrife;
Then underneath the hedge that wooes them next
They may ſit down, and there act out the text.
Nor do we want how ere we live auſtere
In winter Sabaoth nights our luſty cheer;
And though the Paſtors grace which oft doth hold
Half an hower long make the proviſion cold
We can be merry, thinking ne'r the worſe
To mend the matter at the ſecond courſe.
Chapters are read, and hymns are ſweetly ſung
Ioyntly commanded by the noſe and tongue.
Then on the word we diverſly dilate

Wrangling

Wrangling indeed for heat of Zeale, not hate:
Where at the length an unappeaſed doubt
Feircely comes in, and then the lights go out.
Darknes thus makes our peace, and we contain
Our fiery ſpirits till we ſet againe.
Till then no voice is heard, no tongue doth go,
Except a tender ſiſter ſhreike or ſo:
Such ſhould be our delights, grave and demure,
Not ſo abominable and inpure
As thoſe thou ſeek'ſt to hinder, but I feare
Satan will be too ſtrong, his kingdom's heer.
Few are the righteous, nor do I know
How we this Idoll e're ſhall overthrow,
And ſince our ſincere Patron is deceas't
The number of the righteous is decreaſt.
But we do hope theſe times will on, and breede
A faction mighty for us, for indeede
We labour all, and every ſiſter joynes
To have regenerate babes ſpring from our loynes;
Beſides what many carefully have done
Getting the unrighteous man a righteous ſonne.
Then ſtoutly on, let not thy flock range lewdly
One their old vanities, thou Lamp of Beawdly.
One thing I pray thee, do not too much thirſt
After Idolatries laſt fall, but firſt
Follow this ſute more cloſe, let it not goe
Till it be thine as thou would'ſt have't, for ſo
Thy ſucceſſors upon the ſame entayle
Hereafter may take up the *Whitſon Ale*.

Epi-

Epithalamium.

Upon the Celebration of the happy Nuptials of T. L. Eſquire, *and his Lady.*

AMong the Multiplicitie of Votes, (thoughts,
True hearts Oblations ſprung from joyfull
That are here offer'd at the ſacred Shrine
Of your beſt Marriage, be accepted mine!
They are the wiſhes of a Heart, as true,
As any his of the more elegant Crew,
In choiceſt numbers and Poetick Dreſſe;
That oft to ſuch Solemnities do preſſe:
And, plainly though ſet forth, they yet may prove
Effectually propitious to your Love;
Your now united Love, thrice happy Pair,
Whoſe equall Hearts concorporated are.
May the effects of that ſtill ſpringing Love,
Growe to a numerous Iſſue, to improve
Your Family with new Increaſe of Joy.
I wiſh you the firſt year a hopeful Boy
To Wiſdom and to Valour: Next year after
I wiſh no leſſe, a no leſſe hopefull Daughter
To Beauty and to Vertue. And, that, ſo,
While your firſt fruits unto your comforts grow,
You may, till many years their courſe have run,
Yearly increaſe a Daughter, or a Son:
That they, like Olive branches, round may ſtand
Fair, to inherit both your Love and Land.

And

And for your ſelves mine Oriſons ſhall be,
You may like *Iſaack* and *Rebeckah* ſee
Long life and happy dayes, ſpeaking his praiſe
Who hitherto hath bleſt you in your wayes.
And may the progreſſe of your whole Life be
As full of joy as this dayes Harmonie.
That individually, till life be done,
You may continue ſtill two Hearts in one.
And when your days are numbred and made even,
You may but part on earth, to meet in Heaven.

To the Lord Chamberlain.

MY *Lord*, ſo ſubject to the worſer fame
Are ev'n the beſt that claim a Poets name,
(Eſpecially poor they that ſerve the ſtage,
Though worthily, in this verſe hating age.)
And that dread Curſe ſo heavy yet doth lye
Which the wrong'd Fates, fall'n out with *Mercury*
Pronounc'd for ever to attend upon
All ſuch as only dream of *Hellicon*,
That durſt I ſwear, cheated by ſelf opinion,
I were *Apollo's*, or the Muſes Minion,
Reaſon would yet aſſure me, 'tis decreed
Such as are Poets born, are born to need.
If the moſt worthy then, whoſe pay's but praiſe
Or a few ſprigs, from the now withering Bayes,
Groan underneath their wants, what hope have I
(Scarce yet allow'd one of the Company)

Of

Of better fortunes; that with their good parts
Ev'n want the ways, the bold, and thriving arts,
By which they grow remarkable, and are priz'd:
For ſure I Could not live a thing deſpiſ'd
Durſt I profeſſe 'twere in my power to give
A Patron that ſhould make him ever live;
Or tell great Lords that the main reaſon why
They hould a Poets praiſes flattery
Is their own guilt, that ſence they left to do
Things worthy praiſe, ev'n praiſe is odious too.
Some few there are who by this boldneſs thrive
Which yet I dare not follow; others ſtrive
In ſome high minded *Ladies* grace to ſtand,
Ever provided that her liberall hand
Pay for the virtues they beſtow upon her,
And ſo long ſhe's the miracle, and the honour
Of her whole ſex, and has forſooth more worth
Then was in any Sparta ere brought forth:
But when the beautie fails a change is neer,
And ſhe's not then, what once ſhe did appear,
For the new giver, ſhe dead, muſt inherit
What was by purchaſe got, and not by merit.
Let ſuch write well that do this, and in grace,
I would not, for a penſion or a place
Part ſo with mine own Candor, let me rather
Live poorly on thoſe toyes I would not father,
Not known beyond a Player, or a man
That does purſue the Courſe that I have ran

Ere

Ere ſo growe famous: yet with any pain
Or honeſt induſtry, Could I obtain
A noble favourer, I might write, and do
Like others of more name, and get one too,
Or elſe my *Genius* is falſe, I know
That *Iohnſon* much of what he has does owe
To you, and to your *Familie*, and is never
Slow to profeſſe that, nor had *Fletcher* ever
Such reputation, and Credit won
But by his honour'd Patron *Huntington*.
Inimitable *Spencer* ne'r had been
So famous for his matchleſs *fairie Queene*,
Had he not found a *Sidny* to preferr
His plain way in his ſhepherds *Callender*.
Nay *Virgill's* ſelf, or *Martial* does lie,
Could hardly frame a poor *Gnats* elegie
Before *Mecænas* cheriſht him, but then
He ſtraight Conceiv'd *Æneas*, and the men
That found out *Italy*. theirs are preſidents
I cite with reverence my low intents
Look not ſo high, yet ſome worke I might frame
That ſhould nor wrong my duty, nor your name
Were but your *Honour* pleas'd to caſt an eye
Of favour on my trod downe povertie.
How ever I Confeſs my ſelf to be
Ever moſt bound to your bleſt Charitie
To others that feed on it, and will pay (may
My praiers with theirs, that as you doe, you

Live

Live long belov'd, and honour'd: doutleſs then
So Clear a life will find a worthier pen,
For me I reſt aſſur'd beſides the Glory
'Twood make a Poet but to write your ſtory.

Upon leaving off mourning for his Miſtres.

HEnce faint reſembler of my woes, adew,
I have thoughts ſabler, blacker far then you:
Can griefs ſo real, ſo immence be ſhown
By that which has no being, a privation?
(For ſo we black define) how can I call
You Emblems of my ſorrows, when that all (preſs
Thoſe mournfull thoughts you do pretend t' ex-
(It ſeems) I baniſh, when I pleaſe t'undreſs.
My 'Griefs no ſorowfull figure ere defines,
But thoſe black thoughts that round my eſſence twines
None can depict the ſoul I weare within
But he who paints me in an *Ethiops* skin.
The night which mourns the abſence of the ſun
And to expreſs her loſs puts darkneſs on
Yet ſmiles in ſtars, and when ſhe goes away
Poſtilions forth a lovely dauning gray.
I am all darkeneſs, I have not one ſpark
Of hope or comfort to be day my dark.
Beſorrowed ſoul, ſorrow which nought can eaſe,
Nought can becalme, nor nought but death ap-peaſe
And when I'm dead inſculp upon my grave,
Here lies my Anna's mourner, once her ſlave.

An

An Elegy on the death of a ſchoole-Maſter.

MUſt he dye thus? has an eternall ſleep
Seiz'd on each Muſe that it can't ſing nor weep?
Had he no freinds? no merits? or no purſe?
To purchaſe mourning? Or had he that curſe
Which has the ſcraping Worldling ſtill frequented
To live unlov'd and periſh unlamented.
No; none of theſe; But in this *Atlas* fall
Learning for preſent found its funerall.
Nor was't for want of grief, but ſcope and vent,
Not ſullenneſs, but ſtrong deep aſtoniſhment.
Small griefs are but ſoon wept out great ones come
With bulk, and ſtrike the ſtraight lamenters dumb.
This was the ſcoolmaſter, that did derive
From parts and piety 's preogative.
The glory of that good, but painfull art
Who had high learning yet an humble heart.
The *Drake* of Grammer learning, whoſe great pain
Circled that globe, and made that voyage plain.
Time was, when th'artleſs pædagogue did (ſtand,
With his vimineous ſcepter in his hand.
Raging like *Bajazet* or'e the 'tugging fry,
Who though unhorſd' were not of th' infantry;
Applying, like a gliſter, *hic*, *hæc* *hoc*,
Till the poor Lad's beat to a whipping block;
And hold ſo long to know a Verb and Nown

Till

Till each had *Propria maribus* of's own:
As if not fit to learn *As in præsenti*
But legally, when they were one and twenty.
Thoſe few that went to th' Univerſt'ys then
Went with deliberation, and were men.
Nor were our Academies in thoſe dayes
Fill'd with Chuck-farthing Batchelours and boyes
But ſchollers with more beard and age went hence,
Then our new lapwing-Lectrers skip from thence.

By his induſtrious labour now we ſee
Boys coated borne to'th'Univerſitie
Who ſuck'd in Latin, and did ſcorn to ſeek
Their ſcourge and top in Engliſh but in Greek.
Hebrew the generall puzler of old heads (reads
Which the gray Dunce with pricks and comments
And dubs himſelfe a ſchollar by it, grew
As naturall t'him as if he'd been a Jew.

But above all he timely did inſpire
His Childrens breaſts with an ætherial fire.
And ſanctifi'd their early learning ſo,
That they in grace, as they in wit did grow:

Yet nor his grace nor learning could defend
From that mortality that did attend him. (him,
Nor can there now be any difference known
Between his learned bones and thoſe with none.
For that grand Lev'ler death hudles t'one place
Rich, poor, wiſe, fooliſh, noble and the baſe.

This only is our comfort and defence,
He was not immaturely raviſh'd hence.

But to our benefit, and to his own
Undying fame and honour, let alone,
Till he had finiſh'd what he was to do,
Then naturally ſplit himſelfe in Two. (eys,
And that's one cauſe he had ſo few moyſt
He made men learned and that made them wiſe.
And overrule their paſſions, ſince they ſee
Tears would but ſhew their own infirmity.
And 'tis but loving madneſs to deplore
The fate of him, that ſhall be ſeen no more.
But only I cropt in my tender years,
Without or tongue, or wit, but ſighs and Tears;
And yet I come to offer what is mine,
An immolation to his honour'd ſhrine.
And retribute what he confer'd on me
Either to's perſon or his memorie.
Reſt pious ſoul and let that happie grave
That is intruſted with thy Relicks, have
This juſt inſcription, that it holds the duſt
Of one that was Wiſe, learned, pious, juſt.

A Catch.

SIt cloſe, ſit cloſe, my bonny boon Comrades
Sit cloſe, and taſt freely your tipple,
'Tis wealth to the poor, a ſalve to the ſore,
And a crutch to the halting cripple;
'Tis this, 'tis this, 'tis this, that makes
The Cobler merrily ſing,

It is the good drink makes the begger think
Himſelfe as rich as a King:
Then trowl, then trowl a merry merry bowl,
Trowl it down, and fill it again, boyes;
He that grieves night and day drives no ſorrow a-
To be ſad it is but vain, boyes: (way,

On a woman haveing two Husbands.

THe law provides one husband for one wife,
But wanton women cannot brook this life,
They muſt have two, for having one they ſtill
In ſpight of law are wedded to their will:

On an Elder Brother.

WHere nature's wanting, fortune lends her (hand,
The Elder brother ſtill enjoys the land,
The youngeſt have moſt wit; hence 'tis that all
The elder brothers we Wiſe-acres call.

On a proud beggar.

THo goes bare-foot, yet no cold he feels
The Cauſe is pride; he ſcornes good ſhoos at's (heels:

A Courtſhip betwixt a man and a woman.

Man. Why ſo faſt away my dear,
Is't becauſe that I am here?
Will you ever
Still perſever
Thus to fly me
And deny me?
Shall it be my hard misfortune,
Or a puniſhment to folly
To like, to love, and to importune
Yet ſtill languiſh
In the anguiſh
Of deſpair and melancholly?

Wom. Fond man, forbear, enjoy thy quiet,
Know, I am not for thy diet,
You can tell, Sir
Very well Sir,
What's my minde
Then be kinde
To your ſelfe, and let me go,
For in vain you hope to ſee
My ſpotleſs honours overthrow;
Then be chaſt,
That thou may'ſt
Preſerve us both from infamy:

Why

Man Why will you ſo cruell be
Both to thy ſelf, and unto me,
Heavenly Creature,
In that feature
Will you treaſure
So much pleaſure,
And put it up from mans embraces,
Be leſs fair, or be more kinde,
Let thoſe temptings of thy face
Suddenly
Fade and die,
Elſe let me be ſtricken blinde,

Wom. Thus we ſhall be flattered, till
Your ends are compaſt to your will,
Then you leave us
And deceive us.
Once undone us
You will ſhun us;
You may range about, and alter
Each houre, you meet a new one; we
May not do ſo; ſince men thus falter,
Ere I love you
I will prove you,
Leſt I looſe my liberty:

Man What can move your thoughts to be
Jealous of my conſtancy

Let me know it,
I will ſhew it
If unjuſt
Try, then truſt?
Were my breaſt of cryſtall made,
There you might my heart eſpy,
That never yet true love betray'd
There you might
Read the white
Charrecters of loyalty:

Wom. I! ſo you tell me, but I know
How farr an ounce of aire will go,
If I thought
There were ought
True'ly meant,
And hearty in't,
I were cruell then indeed;
Women can be kind, as mothers,
But they muſt their bounty heed,
Cauſe given, we
Never can be
Our own again, nor any others:

Man 'Tis unjuſt, to doubt, where we
No ground for our ſuſpition ſee:
Wom. Shall I doubt,
Man We'l kiſs it out.
Next Ile rifle
Wom. What *Man* A trifle,

Which

Which though I purchace with delight,
I ſhall get no more, then you,
Since neither wins, nor looſeth by't.
Wom. I am won then.
Man I ha' done then,
Yet we ſtill have have more to do.

On women, of what ſtuff they are made.

ALL ye, that lovers be, and love the Amorous (trade
Come learne of me, what women be, and whereof they be made:
Their heads are made of ruſh; their tongues be made of ſay,
Their love is of ſilk changeable, that laſteth not a day:
Their wit Mochado is, of durance is their hate,
The food they feed on moſt is carp, their gaming is Check-mate;
Of fuſtian their diſcourſe, their zeal is made of freez,
And they, that one their Favours wayt, do get moſt when they leez:
Their glory comes from ſattin, their vanity from feather;
Their beauty is, ſtand farther of, their conſcience is but leather:

Their humour watry chamlet, but canvas fits them beſt,
Perpetuum is their folly, their earneſt is but Jeſt:
Their love is life in Idlenefs, their doings are their Pleaſure,
They lawleſs are, yet all they weare, they buy by ſtanding meaſure.
Their foreparts are of rue, their hinder parts of docks,
Their heads of hardeſt braſſe be made, their hearts be made of box;
Or if in plainer terms they will with all be dealt,
Of beaver are their ſnow white thighs, there TH. is made of felt.

The laſh A ſong.

LOng have I lived for to ſee,
All the ſtate of each degree.
I have laught, I have quafft, I have wept,
And a ſtirre, like a ------- have I kept
But now here I ſtand with a whip in my hand,
Come I muſt laſh you:

Come, you *Divines*, that live ſo pure,
And keep another to ſerve your Cure.
You will preach, not to teach, but to ſhew
Phraſes fine, ſcarce *divine*, how they flow

The

The benefice you'l keep, whilſt another ſtarves (the ſheep,
Come I muſt laſh you.

Come you *Phiſitians*, that do kill
More then you Cure, to try your skill;
Our diſeaſe, do you pleaſe, and we ſee
Our reliefe is our griefe; for the fee (farr worſe;
You'l cure us off our purſe, when our bodies are
Come I muſt laſh you.

Come you *Lawyers*, that with your law
Do keep the Neighbours all in awe;
If a dog, or a hog, you eſpy,
Or a mouſe in the houſe, or a fly, (chamber ſuit,
Th' whole countrey ſtraight ſhall brute of a ſtar-
Come I muſt laſh you:

Come you *Trades-men*, in towne, and citty,
That are ſo cunning, and ſo witty;
Not your weights, but deceits, are ſo large,
You will ſpare men your ware, at your charge;
The buying you will give, thus by lying you do (live,
Come I muſt laſh you:

Come you *In-holders*, that live by gallants,
'Till they have ſpent all their Tallents;
You may fill what you will, when they call;
But your pot's and your quarts are ſo ſmall;

The

The reckning muſt be payd, or their horſes muſt (be ſtay'd,
Come I muſt laſh you.

Come you, too fine, where is your ſtate,
Which your father left of late
You do'nt care for to ſpare, but to ſpend
Till you bring ev'ry thing to an end (borrow,
Now may you go with ſorrow to beg, ſharke and
Come I muſt laſh you.

Come, you ladies, that do ware
More faſhions, then are days i'th' year, (ſpots,
Your ribbands, & your knots, your roſes and your
Your bare breſt, and back do ſhew what you lack;
Come I muſt laſh you.

Come, you alſo that are ſo merry,
And drown your ſorrows all in ſherry,
Now you laugh, now you quaffe, then you ſleep,
And this courſe, or a worſe you do keep
You drive away your wealth, and you drink away
Come I muſt laſh you. (your health,

Come thou, that braggeſt of thy wealth,
Becauſe thou haſt a little pelfe;
Thou'rt the worſe, that thy purſe is ſo ſtrong,
For thy gold makes the bold to do wrong;
You build houſes high to the poors miſery,
Come I muſt laſh you.

Come

Come, you *Uſerers*, that heap up ſtore,
By griping of the wretched poor;
You will take men to ſtake at their need,
And their portion by extortion will you rid;
O that I had bin made of a thong-cutters trade,
That I might laſh you.

But I am now ſo weary grown,
That I muſt let the reſt alone,
I could flaſh with my laſh, did I dare,
Many more, then before, but I ſpare;
And them will I leave to the Judge and the Shrieve
And they ſhall laſh them.

To his freind on the death of his Miſtres, immediatly before the intended marriage.

AMong the trayne of Mourners, whoſe ſwolne eys
Wallow in tears at thoſe ſad obſequies
Admit me as a Cypher in to come;
Who, though I'm nothing, yet can raiſe a ſumme.
And truely I can mourne as well as they
Who're clad in ſable weeds, though mine are gray.
Should I not weep, I ſhould not pay my due
Of tears to her, or ſympathy to you.
For Death hath ſlain you both when ſhe did die,
So who writes ones, muſt write boths Elegie.

Excuſe

Excuſe me Sir. Paſſion will ſwet that's pent,
Thank not my Tears; I cannot but lament
To ſee a Lady ready for your bed,
To deaths embraces yield her Maiden-head.
And that Angellick corpſe that ſhould have been
A Cabinet to lodge your Jewells in, (prey,
Should now b' embalm'd with duſt, and made a
To glut'nous wormes, which will call that day
On Which her loines unto their lot did fall
Though your ſolemnities, their feſtivall.
She was to good for man, ſhe was to high.
A mate for *Angels* to get *Angels* by.
In whom there was as much divinitie
And Excellence as could in woman be.
Whom you and all ador'd and did ſuppoſe
To be a *Goddeſs* in a Mortalls clothes
But Heav'n to undecieve thee, let you know
By her mortality, ſhe was not ſo.

To his friend. Mr. *B. archd: of N.*

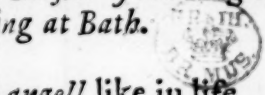
LEt me enjoy you, for I faine wou'd know
If ſtill you look like one of us or no:
Is not your former pleaſing form off ſtript
Since when your Worſhip was arch-deaconſhip't?
Quakes not your head-piece with ingotten winde,
Or ſwells and burſt your night-caps all behind?
Or are you to the Velvet day-caps come
As fits Epiſcopabiliſſimum?

Riſe

Riſe not your browes in billows, apt to drowne
Poor Tom beneath, with an impetuous frowne.
Burn your diſdainfull eys, or ſweetly move
(As earſt) and gently ſhine on thoſe you love?
Is not your noſe ſuſpended or awrie,
And ſince t'was archt, exalts it ſelf on high?
Bleſſe me! what daintie proper men of late
By wealths convulſion, or a pang of ſtate
Have I ſeen chang'd (as once by Circe's cup.)
And to a beaſtlie figure quite run up.
Poor Cambridge Snakes that uſe to creep and lick
The bubling ſpume of my then *Rhetorique*,
And cling in amarous folds my verſe to hear,
Verſe that at once could pleaſe, and keep in fear;
Now fierie flying dragon doctors are
That warm'd with Prebends and fat ſteeples dare
Both hiſſe and ſting: For me, t'is ſtate enough
To hiſſe, or creep in their forgoten ſlough
Practice and contemplations, I agree
Should riſe; let that a Banging *B B* be
Whiles this ſhines Weſt: yet may no crime attaint
The firſt; but like the ſecond, live a ſaint.
Alas! the churches tayle is loſt in drinke,
While Pot and Pipe are made their pen, and ink,
And if the Jowle in pride be pickled too
What ſhall the ſides, the bulk, the bodie do.
Curates leave ale: leave Preſates eaſe and pride,
Or learn'd and Lay the Clergie will deride.
God knowes thoſe blemiſhes on foot and face

Do need the healthfull ſpirit of his grace.
And you my Learned friend, though paſt the rore
Of *Scillia's* doggs! take heed in vent'ring ore
Charibdis gulf, where *Mermaid* Honour iits
On ſeas of danger, ſtrow'd with rocks and pits.
Leſt I when clambring over hills and dales
By North and *South*, your palace out in Wales
Approaching as to *Phœbus* burniſht roof
(Like *Phaeton*) be bid to ſtand aloof.
And ſcarce recovering me at ſecond ſight
You ſwear, good faith, I had forgot you quite:
I promis'd you a Prebend, but in troth
I am ſo preſs'd with Lords and Ladies both
That I can do you now no further grace
Then the reverſion of the nineteenth place.
Nine years I have expected, (and am loth
To name him yet) a mounting *B B S* oath.
But if I live to write his *Epitaph*
It ſhall ſo weep, that all that read, ſhall laugh.
You cannot ſo decieve. Then onward march
Till to your firſt, you raiſe a ſecond *arch*.

On Miſtres Angel wife to Maſter John Angel preacher of Leiceſter, deceaſing at Bath.



A Ngell in name, and *angell* like in life
Save that ſhe was a mortal, and a wife.
Thoſe bonds diſcharg'd advanc'd this perfect wife
To *Angell's* ſingle and immortall life.

FINIS.

Books Printed for *Hen. Brome at the* Gun *in Iuy-Lane.*

The Souls Gonflict, Being Eight Sermons, ſix whereof were preached at *Oxford.*

The Queens Exchange, A Comedy, by *Richard Brome.*

Two *Eſſays of Love and Marriage.*

The Grand Impoſtor Examined, Or, *the life and Triall of* James Nayler.

The Souls Tournkey, Being a Conference betwixt Mr *Hanum* and Mr *Take* Moderator of *Gr. Coll.* in *London.*

Books now in the Preſſe which will ſhortly be extant.

The affinity of ſacred Liturgies, By *Hamon L' Eſtrange*, Eſq;

Five New Comedies which were never before publiſht, By *Richard Brome.*

A Learned and deſired Comentary on the whole Epiſtle to the Philippians, By *Nath. Tucker late* Preacher of the Goſpel at *Portſmouth.*

Dr *Browns* Garden of *Cyrus* or the *Quincunciall Lozenges* or *Net-work plantations.*